

THE CHILDREN'S
DOWN READERS

BOOK TWO



ENNELL AND CUSACK

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THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK TWO

BY

MARY E. PENNELL

FORMERLY ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

AND

ALICE M. CUSACK

DIRECTOR OF KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY GRADES
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

ILLUSTRATED BY

MARGUERITE DAVIS
BLANCHE FISHER LAITE



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Dedicated
to



Jimmie Dale and Beverly

A NOTE OF THANKS

We wish to thank the children, their teachers, and their superintendents who have helped to make this book. Five thousand children read sixty stories and decided which ones they liked best. This book contains the thirty-one stories which received the most votes.

My-ary E Pennell

Alice M. Cusack

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THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK TWO



A STRANGE GUEST

One morning soon after school opened Jimmie Dale went up to Miss May and said something to her. The children did not hear what he said. Miss May nodded her head. At once Jimmie Dale went out of the room.

The children wondered why Jimmie Dale went home. Was he sick? Had he forgotten something?

Soon there was a knocking at the door. It was Dick's day to go to the door, so he opened it. Who do you suppose came in?

In came King, Jimmie Dale's dog, walking on his hind legs. Behind him was Jimmie Dale.



King had a hat on his head. He walked right up to Miss May.

"Take off your hat," said Jimmie Dale.

At once King put up his paw and knocked off his hat.

"Shake hands with Miss May."

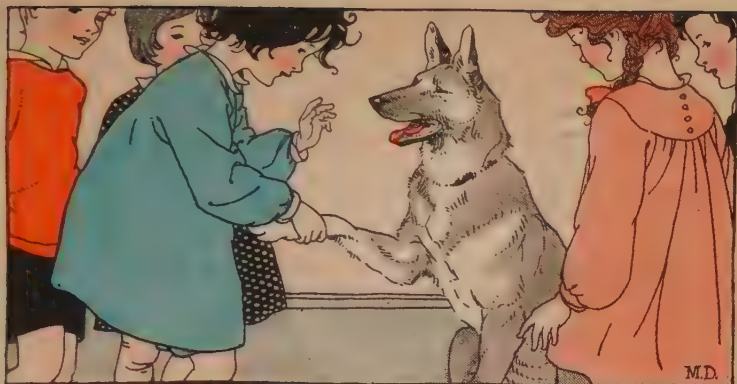
King held out his left paw to Miss May.

"Your other paw," said Jimmie Dale.

King held out his right paw. Miss May shook his paw and said, "Good morning, King."

King gave two short barks.

"Good dog," said Jimmie Dale.



How the children laughed and clapped! King seemed to like the fun. He wagged his tail and ran up to see all his old friends. He shook hands with some of them.

"Can he do other tricks?" said Sally Ann.

"Oh, yes," said Jimmie Dale, "he can do many tricks."

"Please tell him to do them for us," said Miss May.

"Come here, King," said Jimmie Dale.

At once King went to Jimmie Dale.

"Roll over," said Jimmie Dale.

King rolled over.

"Dead dog," said Jimmie Dale.

King lay very still.

"Are you joking, King?" said Jimmie Dale.

King opened his eyes. Then his tail began to wag. Then he barked and jumped up.

Jimmie Dale patted King on the head and said, "Good dog, good dog."

Then King put his nose into Jimmie Dale's pocket. What do you suppose he found there?

He found something dogs like to eat. It was a piece of sugar.



JIMMIE DALE'S STORY

The children asked Miss May if Jimmie Dale might tell them how he taught King to do these fine tricks. This is what Jimmie Dale told the children.

I asked Father how to teach King tricks. He said that the first thing I must do was to take good care of King. I must be kind to him, so that he would love me and obey me.

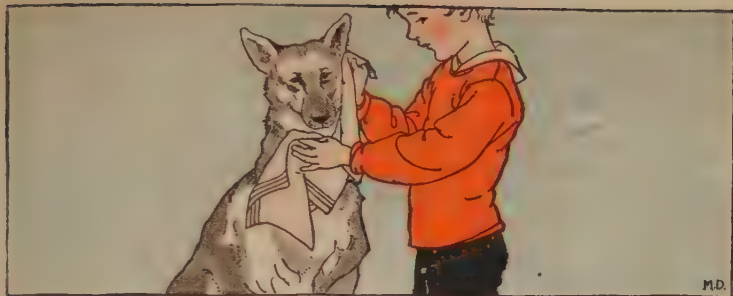
I will tell you things I do for King.

Feeding King

I feed King two times every day. Mother lets me have the bits of meat, fish, bread, and cooked vegetables that come from the table. I give King meat or fish once a day. I do not give him little bones or chicken bones. They might choke him. I give him cooked vegetables, dog food, or bread once a day. He should have much more of this kind of food than he does of meat.

After King is through eating I take away all the food that he has left in his dish.

I leave a pan of clean, cool water where King can take a drink any time that he wants one.

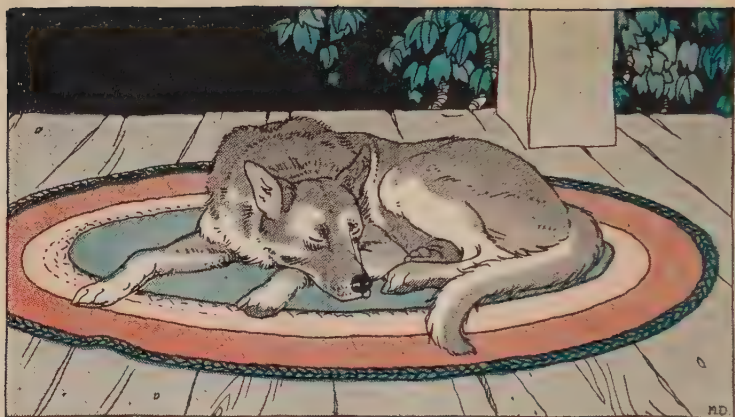


Keeping King Clean

King likes to swim. In summer I take him to the river as often as I can. This keeps him clean and cool.

In winter I wash him every week. I wash him in warm water and soap. I wash his head first. I try not to get the soap into his eyes. It is hard work, for he will not keep still.

After I wash him, I rub him with a piece of rough cloth. Then I keep him where it is warm for some time.



King's Bed

King sleeps out of doors in summer. He likes to sleep under our big maple tree. When it rains he comes up on the porch. He has a rug on the porch. He curls up on this.

In winter King sleeps where it is warm. I have an old rug for him to sleep on. Mother has this rug washed for me, for King must have a clean bed.



Teaching King to Obey

Before I began to teach King tricks I taught him to obey me. When he did not obey, I would not let him play with me. When he did what I told him to do, I patted him on the head and let him play with me. Sometimes I gave him a little piece of sugar. King likes sugar.

Teaching King Tricks

Father told me to teach King easy tricks first. I taught him to jump through my arms and to roll over. I always said the same thing when I wanted him to do a trick. I had him do the same trick many times a day. I always patted him when he did the right thing. Sometimes I gave him a piece of sugar.

When King did not obey, I shut him up in the yard at once. I wanted him to know that he had been a bad dog. Father told me to talk to King in a low voice, not in a loud voice.

This is the way I taught King the tricks you saw him do. It was fun. I think King liked it too.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

One day a hare met a tortoise. The hare laughed at the tortoise, for the tortoise crawled along so slowly.

"What short legs you have," said the hare. "No wonder you move so slowly."

"My legs may be short," said the tortoise, "but I will gladly race with you."

"Race with me?" cried the hare. "What a joke! Come on. I'll race with you to the big tree in front of the old mill."

They started off at once. The hare went jumping along. He was so sure that he would win the race that after a while he stopped by the side of the road and went to sleep.

All this time the tortoise had been crawling slowly along. He went by the sleeping hare. At last he reached the tree in front of the old mill where the race was to end.

After a long time the hare waked up. He looked up and down the road. The tortoise was not to be seen. The hare ran on. When he reached the tree, there was the tortoise waiting for him. The tortoise said, "Always remember that 'slow and sure wins the race.'"

ÆSOP

INDIAN CHILDREN¹

Where we walk to school each day
Indian children used to play —
All about our native land,
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple —
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round.
What a different place today
Where we live and work and play!

ANNETTE WYNNE

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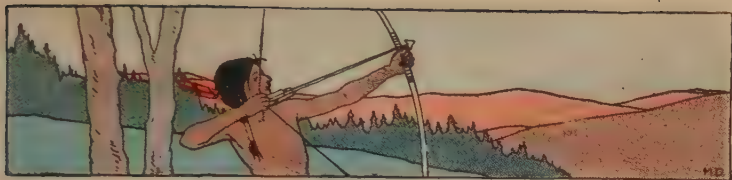


INDIAN STORIES

It was evening in the Indian village. A little Indian boy put away his school books. Story time had come. Now his grandfather, Scarface, would tell him stories of long ago.

"Come, Grandfather," he said, "tell me what you did when you were a little boy. Tell me how you used to hunt."

Here are the stories Scarface told.



The Hunt

When I was a little boy I did not go to school and read books as you do. My school was different. It was in the forest. There I had to learn many things. Black Feather, my father, was my teacher. He taught me to paddle a canoe and to hunt with a bow and arrow.

One evening my father, Black Feather, said, "Scarface, early in the morning we must go to the forest. Your mother, Falling Star, must have a deerskin. She wants to make you a coat and a pair of trousers."



The next morning we left the wigwam before the birds waked. We put our bows and arrows into the canoe. Then we pushed off from the bank of the river.

Black Feather let me help him paddle. He showed me how to turn my paddle so that not a sound was made in the water. The canoe slipped quietly along by the bank of the river. Far up the river we landed on a sandy shore.



Leaving the canoe we started through the forest to a little stream. There the deer came down every morning to drink the cool water.

We walked quietly along. We slipped from tree to tree. The deer must not hear us. They must not see us. Black Feather showed me how to walk so that my feet would not make a sound. Even the pine needles must not move under my feet.

At last we came to the little stream. Black Feather went down to the water. He looked along the bank. He said, "Scarface, we are in time. No deer have been here this morning. But see! many deer were here last evening. Oh! but another animal came to drink, too. Look, Scarface, and see if you can tell what animal it was."

I looked. I saw the track of a bear's feet. Just then, back in the forest, a twig snapped. Quickly, but without a sound, we slipped behind some trees and waited. Soon a beautiful deer came running through the forest down to the water.

Without making a sound, Black Feather lifted his bow and arrow. Away went the arrow.

"A good deerskin for Falling Star," said Black Feather.

Black Feather carried the deer to the river. He placed the deer in the bottom of the canoe. Before the sun was high in the sky, we reached camp.

"Oh, Scarface," said Falling Star, "your father, Black Feather, is a good hunter as well as a good fighter. He brings much food to the wigwam and good skins for clothes."



The Wigwam

One day when Black Feather came in from hunting in the forest, he said, "Falling Star, make ready to move. The nuts are many on the trees. The fur of the squirrel is thick. The wild ducks are now flying to the south land. All these signs say that the winter will be cold and long. We must have much food and many warm skins. We must go far into the forest. There I can hunt and fish."

Falling Star took out all the things from the wigwam. She took out all the cooking dishes. She took out all the skins. She made these into one big bundle. Then she fastened on my back our little papoose. At last we were ready to start.

Black Feather led the way. He carried the canoe. Then came Falling Star with the big bundle on her back. Then I came carrying our little papoose.

Many, many days we walked through the deep forest. Every night Black Feather found a good camping place. Falling Star found the wood and made the camp fire. Over the camp fire she cooked a rabbit or a fish which Black Feather had caught during the day.



Every night Falling Star hung the cradle of our little papoose on a low branch of a tree. Near this tree we rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

After many days we came to a small stream. Black Feather stopped. "Here," he said, "we shall stay all winter. Over there is a good place for the wigwam. The fir trees will keep off the cold north wind. Here is fresh water to drink. By the banks of this stream I can hunt and fish."



At once Falling Star began to make the wigwam. She cut down some small trees and made them into poles. She drew a circle on the ground. On this circle she drove the poles far into the ground. The poles met at the top. Falling Star tied them together. She covered the poles with deerskins. The wigwam was ready.



While Falling Star was building the fire in front of the wigwam, Black Feather made a trap. I took my bow and arrow and went prowling into the forest. Soon I saw a rabbit hopping in front of me. I followed it.

On and on I went into the deep forest. I tried to get near enough to shoot the rabbit. Then all at once I could not see it.

I turned around to go back to camp. I did not know where the camp was. I was lost.

I walked on and on. It grew darker and darker. At last, I came to a little stream. I remembered that our wigwam was by a stream. Perhaps this was the same one. I followed the stream. After a long time I saw a light. Perhaps it was our camp fire. It was.

When I reached camp, there was Falling Star. She was putting dry branches on the fire to light me home. Black Feather was in the forest hunting for me. When Falling Star saw me, she gave a long, loud call like the cry of an owl. This was to tell Black Feather that I was safe at home.



HOW INDIANS USED TO LIVE

After Scarface told Lone Eagle these stories, Lone Eagle knew many things about how the Indians used to live. Here are some of the things he knew. How many do you know?

1. Scarface said that his school was in the (a) village; (b) stream; (c) forest; (d) wigwam.

2. Black Feather taught him to hunt with a (a) stick; (b) bow and arrow; (c) paddle; (d) needle.

3. Scarface saw on the bank of the stream the track of a (a) wild cat; (b) bear; (c) horse; (d) rabbit.

4. Falling Star said that Black Feather brought to the wigwam (a) wood; (b) water; (c) trees; (d) skins for clothes.

5. All the signs said that the winter would be (a) short; (b) dry; (c) long; (d) warm.

6. The Indians went from place to place in a (a) balloon; (b) automobile; (c) canoe; (d) car.

7. The camp fire was made by (a) Black Feather; (b) Scarface; (c) Falling Star; (d) the little papoose.

8. Falling Star made the poles for the wigwam out of (a) branches; (b) small trees; (c) twigs; (d) large trees.

9. She covered the poles with (a) fur; (b) blankets; (c) deerskin; (d) cloth.

10. Scarface got back to the camp by following the (a) rabbit; (b) light; (c) owl; (d) stream.

11. Indians used to live in (a) shops; (b) houses; (c) barns; (d) wigwams.

12. These Indians ate (a) vegetables; (b) chickens; (c) rabbits; (d) bones.



WHAT THE LITTLE HIAWATHA LEARNED

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

Part I

Once upon a time a shoemaker and his wife lived near a forest. The shoemaker was a good man and worked hard, but he grew poorer and poorer. At last there was no money left and only enough leather for one pair of shoes.

"I will cut out this last pair of shoes before I go to bed," said the shoemaker to his wife. "In the morning I will make them." So he cut out the shoes and left them on his bench.

Early the next morning the good man went to the bench to make the shoes. There were the shoes all done — done inside, and done outside. How surprised the shoemaker was! His eyes grew bigger and bigger. Who could have made the shoes?

While the shoemaker and his good wife were wondering about it, in came a man.

“Have you any shoes?” he asked.

“I have a beautiful pair,” said the shoemaker. “See how well made they are.”

The man liked the shoes and paid well for them. The shoemaker now had money enough to get leather for two pairs of shoes.



He cut out the leather that night. "Tomorrow I will make the shoes," he said to his wife, as he put the leather on his bench.

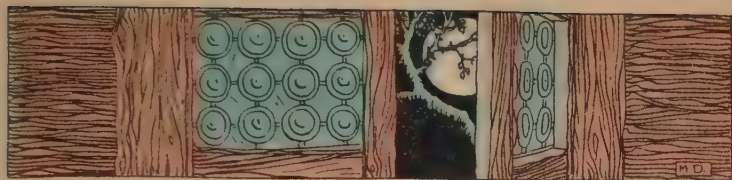
The next morning the good man went to the bench to make the shoes. There on the bench were two pairs of shoes neatly made. Who could have made the shoes?



While the shoemaker and his wife were talking, two men came in and bought the shoes. With the money they paid, the shoemaker bought leather enough for four pairs of shoes. These he cut out and left on the bench.

The next morning the good man found four pairs of shoes all neatly made.

And so it went on and on. At last the shoemaker was rich. And still he did not know who was making his shoes.



Part II

One night the shoemaker said to his wife, "Let us stay up and see who is helping us."

It was a bright moonlight night. The shoemaker and his wife hid behind a door, where they could watch the bench and not be seen.

Just as the clock was striking twelve, in through the window came two little elves. They danced across the room. Then up on the bench they jumped. Sitting down, they took up the leather and began to work.



Stitch, stitch, stitch, went their little needles. Rap-a-tap-tap, rap-a-tap-tap, went their little hammers. Almost before one could think the work was done.

Then down from the bench jumped the elves. They skipped and danced across the room, and out through the window they went.



The next morning the shoemaker said to his wife, "I wish we could do something for the little elves."

"I know what I should like to do," said his wife. "I should like to make some clothes for them. They were very ragged."

"If you make them some clothes," said the shoemaker, "I shall make them some shoes. Their little feet were bare."

So the shoemaker's wife made two little suits. One suit was red and one was blue. Then she made two little caps and two pairs of stockings. The shoemaker made two pairs of tiny shoes with pointed toes.



At night they put the shoes and clothes on the bench. Then they hid behind the door and waited.

As the clock began to strike twelve, in through the window came the little elves. They danced and skipped across the room. Then up on the bench they jumped. They saw the little suits, the tiny stockings, the wee caps, and the neat little shoes.

They clapped their hands for joy. Off went the old clothes. On went the new ones.

Taking hold of hands the elves danced about on the bench. Then down they jumped and went dancing and skipping, dancing and skipping, across the room and out of the window.

The little elves were never seen again. But ever after that time, good luck seemed always to be with the shoemaker and his good wife.

GRIMM



A HALLOWEEN STORY

Once there was a big orange pumpkin. It grew just outside a stone wall far off in a field. A man had put all the other pumpkins into the barn. But he did not see this one, for it was outside the wall.

The big orange pumpkin was lonely. There was a little black pussy cat walking along on the stone wall. The pussy cat was lonely, too.

"I wish I belonged to some one," said the big orange pumpkin.

"Mew! So do I," said the little black pussy cat.

"It will soon be winter and this field will be covered with snow. Br-r-! It will be cold!" said the big orange pumpkin.

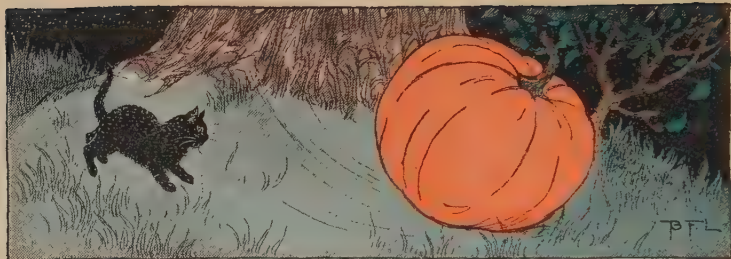
"Mew! Yes, it will!" said the little black pussy cat.

"Let us go and find some one to belong to," said the pumpkin.

"Yes, let us go," said the pussy cat. "I want to belong to a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes."

"And I want to belong to a boy who whistles and sings," said the pumpkin.

"Let us go right away," said the pussy cat.



Away they went. The pumpkin rolled along over the ground. The little black pussy cat walked very softly on her little feet.

On and on they went over the fields and through the woods. It began to grow cold and dark, too. The little black pussy cat began to shake with the cold.

“See here,” said the pumpkin, “you must not sleep out of doors tonight.”

Just then they saw a man coming through the woods. He had an ax on his shoulder.



"Oh, Mr. Woodcutter!" cried the pumpkin. "Have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the woodcutter. "What can I do for you?"

"Just cut off the top of me and take out some of my seeds, if you please," said the pumpkin.

The woodcutter put down his ax and did as the pumpkin asked him.

"There now, pussy," said the big orange pumpkin, "when you want to sleep, come in."

"Why not go home with me?" asked the woodcutter.

"Have you a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes?" asked the little black pussy cat in a timid voice.

"Have you a little boy who sings and whistles?" asked the pumpkin.

"No," said the woodcutter, "but I have a pig and some hens."

"Then we will go on," said the pumpkin, "but thank you kindly."

So they went on and on. The stars began to come out. Then the little pussy cat curled up inside the pumpkin and went to sleep.

In the morning, when the sun came up, pussy got out of the pumpkin. But before long it began to rain, and pussy cat was soon very wet.

"You poor little thing!" said the big orange pumpkin. "Get in again, and I will carry you."

"But it's so dark inside, I could not see where we are going," cried the little black pussy cat.

"Windows!" cried the pumpkin. "Of course, windows! I should have thought of them before. Stay here under this fence till I come back."

With that he rolled across the road to a house where he saw a man at work. "Oh, Mr. Carpenter!" cried the pumpkin. "Have you a knife?"

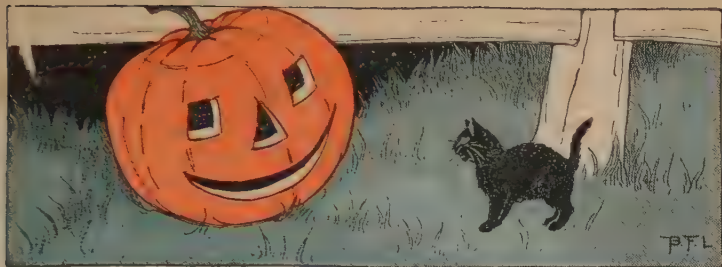
"That I have," said the carpenter.
"What can I do for you?"

"Just cut some windows in me, if you please," said the pumpkin.

So the carpenter took his knife and cut four neat little windows in the pumpkin. He made them just like a face. He made two windows for eyes, one for a nose, and a wide one for a mouth. He laughed as he cut them. When he had cut the mouth, the pumpkin laughed too.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the pumpkin.
"How good it is to have a mouth to laugh with! I can talk better, too, with a mouth."

And he laughed in the rain all the way back to the fence where the little pussy cat was waiting for him.



The pussy cat laughed too. Then she jumped into her new coach and put on the top. On they went, but pussy cat was dry and warm.

At last, just as it began to grow dark, they came to a wee little house. At the side door a little boy was picking up sticks. He whistled as he worked; then he began to sing,

“Star light, star bright,
The first star I’ve seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.”

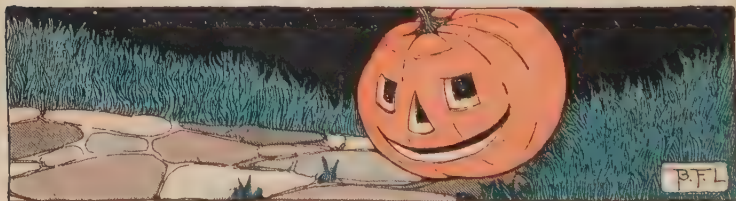
The door opened and a little girl looked out. She had a sweet face and shining eyes. "What are you wishing?" she said.

"Oh, this is Halloween, and I wish I had a big pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern. What do you wish you had?"

"I wish I had a little pussy cat," said the little girl.

"This is the place for us," said the big orange pumpkin, and he rolled right up to the door where the little girl was standing.

"Look, look!" cried the little girl. "Here is your jack-o'-lantern! The fairies must have sent it. Isn't it fine?"





"There is something inside," said the boy. He lifted off the top and out jumped the little pussy cat right into the little girl's arms.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the children.
"The fairies have sent them!"

When their mother came home that night, she saw something strange in the window. It was a jack-o'-lantern with a light in it, shining out at her through the dark. And beside it sat a little black pussy cat.

ELIZABETH T. DILLINGHAM (*Adapted*)



HALLOWEEN¹

The time when bats fly through the rooms,
And witches ride about on brooms,
And people try the strangest dishes —
That's the time for making wishes.

When pumpkin lights are everywhere,
And ghosts that giggle on the stair
Are waiting to jump out at you —
That's when wishes all come true.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Part I

Once upon a time there was a little black boy. His name was Little Black Sambo. His mother was called Black Mumbo, and his father was called Black Jumbo.

One day Black Mumbo made Little Black Sambo a fine new suit of clothes. She made him a beautiful little red coat and a pair of beautiful little blue trousers.

Black Jumbo went to the Fair and bought Little Black Sambo a beautiful green umbrella, and a lovely little pair of purple shoes with red soles. Then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand!



He put on all his fine clothes and went out for a walk in the Jungle. By and by he met a tiger. The tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little red coat."

"Very well," said the tiger, "I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little red coat."



So the tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little red coat and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest tiger in the Jungle."

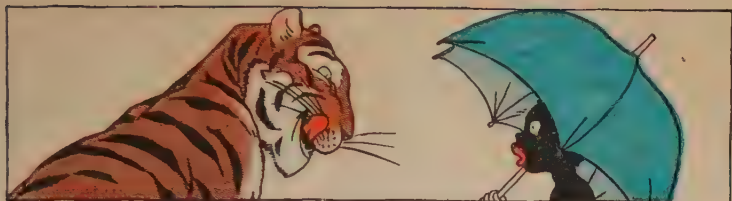
Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me!" said Little Black Sambo, "and I'll give you my beautiful little blue trousers."



“Very well,” said the tiger, “I won’t eat you up this time, but you must give me your beautiful little blue trousers.”

So the tiger got poor Little Black Sambo’s beautiful little blue trousers, and went away saying, “Now I’m the grandest tiger in the Jungle.”



Little Black Sambo went on. By and by he met another tiger. It said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up!" said Little Black Sambo, "and I'll give you my beautiful little purple shoes with red soles."

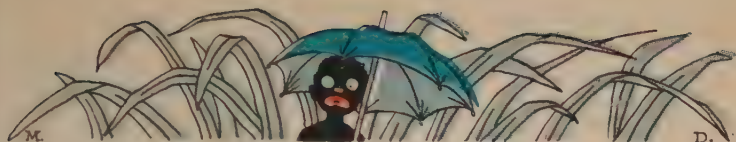
But the tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet and you have only two. You haven't enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."



“So I could,” said the tiger. “That’s a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won’t eat you this time.”

So the tiger got poor Little Black Sambo’s beautiful little purple shoes with red soles and went away saying, “Now I’m the grandest tiger in the Jungle.”



Little Black Sambo went on and on and on. By and by he met another tiger, and this tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up!" said Little Black Sambo, "and I'll give you my beautiful green umbrella."

But the tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella when I need all my paws to walk with?"

"You could tie a knot in your tail and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo.

"So I could," said the tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time."



So the tiger got Little Black Sambo's beautiful green umbrella, tied a knot in his tail, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest tiger in the Jungle."

Poor Little Black Sambo went away crying because the cruel tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Part II

Presently he heard a big noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-rrr."

"Oh, dear!" said Little Black Sambo. "There are all the tigers coming to eat me up! What shall I do?"

So Little Black Sambo ran quickly to a tree and peeped round it to see what had happened. There he saw all the tigers talking about which one was the grandest.

At last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all their fine clothes and put them on the ground. Then the tigers began to fight one another with their claws, and bite one another with their big white teeth.

Finally they came rolling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding. The tigers all caught hold of each other's tails and roaring and biting and clawing at each other, they found themselves in a ring around the tree.

Then when the tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up and called out, "Oh, Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?"

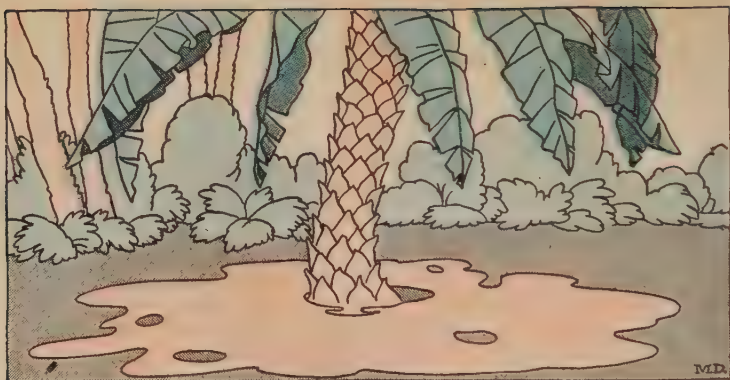
But the tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rr. Gr-r-r-rrr."

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you don't want them, say so, or I'll take them away."



But the tigers would not let go of each other's tails and so they could only say, "Gr-r-rrrr-r-rrr."

Then Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.



The tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each other's tails. They were so angry that they ran round the tree, trying to eat one another up. They ran faster and faster, till they were running so fast that you could not see their legs at all.

They ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big ring of melted butter round the foot of the tree.



Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms. When he saw what was left of the tigers he said, "Oh, what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot and took it home to Black Mumbo.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we can all have pancakes for supper."

She got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a big, big plate of the most lovely pancakes. She cooked them in the melted butter which the tigers had made, and the pancakes were just as yellow and brown as little tigers.

Then Black Jumbo, Black Mumbo, and Little Black Sambo all sat down to supper. Black Mumbo ate sixteen pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate sixty-five pancakes, but Little Black Sambo ate one hundred sixteen pancakes, for he was so hungry.

HELEN BANNERMAN (*Adapted*)



A STRANGE PLAYFELLOW

(A True Story)

One morning Jim and David had been fishing. When they got back to the camp Marjorie called, "Come here, David! See what Father found when he was out walking."

David ran to his father's cabin. What do you suppose he saw there?

It was a baby deer. Jim called it a fawn. It was such a baby that it could hardly stand on its little legs. It wasn't a bit frightened, but looked at the children with big, soft, brown eyes.

"Oh, Father, where did you find it?" cried David.

Father said, "I was out walking with Jack. Suddenly we heard a little noise in the bushes. Jack went to see what it was and found this baby deer. I think something must have happened to his mother."

"Oh, Father, may we keep the little fawn?" said Marjorie.

"Yes," said Father, "you may keep him as long as he will stay with you. You may have him for a pet."



All summer long the children cared for their little playfellow. At first they fed him milk out of a bottle. Then he found his own food. He found tender green leaves and sweet grass.

The children named the fawn Lightfoot. When they called "Lightfoot," the fawn would come running swiftly up to them. Most of the time he stayed near the children. He followed them about like a dog.



In the morning Lightfoot wakened the children. He would come running into their cabin. He would lick their faces and hands until the children opened their eyes. Then out of the cabin he would run. His little feet hardly made a sound, he ran so lightly.

Lightfoot liked to run races with the children. He always won the race. He would run lightly along jumping over rocks and logs. Not even David's dog could keep up with Lightfoot.



How sorry the children were to leave Lightfoot and return home! Jim promised to take good care of him during the fall and winter. Jim liked Lightfoot almost as well as the children did.

The last thing the children saw, as Jim drove them away from camp, was Lightfoot looking at them with his big, soft, brown eyes.

Something came into the eyes of the children. Can you guess what it was?

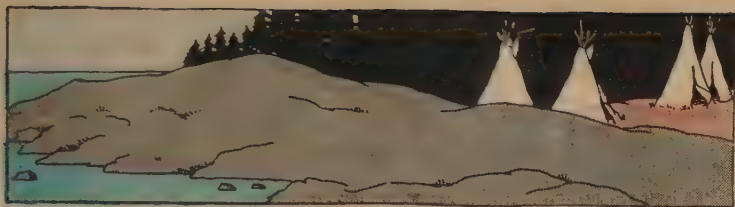


THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Over three hundred years ago a little boat came sailing across the Atlantic Ocean. It was called the *Mayflower*.

On board were one hundred people. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and little children were crowded together in the one little boat.

They had left England and were looking for a land where they could be happier and could pray to God as they pleased. For this reason they were called Pilgrims.



For over two months the Pilgrims were tossed about on the rough waters of the Atlantic Ocean. At last the *Mayflower* came in sight of a rocky shore. How glad the people were to see land once more!

Some of the men went on shore to see if they could find any houses or people.

There was nothing to be seen but sand and rocks and hard bare ground. There were no flowers, no birds, no grass, no leaves on the trees, for it was winter. Up on the shore they found some wigwams, and they caught sight of some Indians hiding behind trees.



The tired Pilgrims decided to leave the boat and build their homes on this shore. The place where they landed is now called Plymouth Rock. At once the men began to cut down trees and to build rough log houses and a church.

The first winter was long and hard. The wind was cold and the snow was deep. The Pilgrims were often cold and hungry. Many were sick because they didn't have the right food to eat. Before spring came many people were dead.



At last the snow melted. The leaves began to grow. The birds returned. It was spring.

Then some friendly Indians showed the Pilgrims how to plant corn and wheat.

When fall came the Pilgrims found that they would have enough food to last them during the long winter.

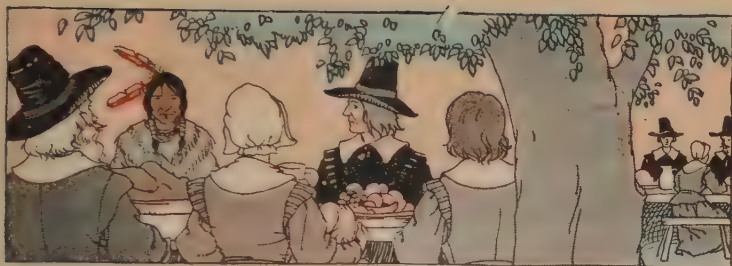
"Let us thank God for it all," they said. "It is He who has made the sun to shine and the rain to fall and the corn to grow."

So all the fathers and mothers and the children thanked God in their homes and in the little church.



Then the Pilgrim mothers said, "The friendly Indians showed us how to plant corn and wheat. Let us invite them to a great Thanksgiving party."

So all began to get ready for the party. The men went hunting. They got many wild ducks and turkeys. They brought back many deer too. The women made the corn and the wheat into bread and cakes. The friendly Indians brought some deer to the feast.



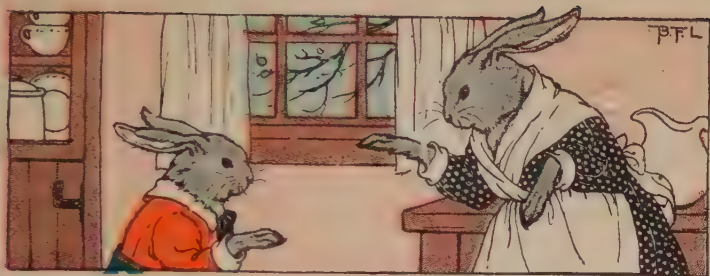
For three days the party lasted. Before each meal the Pilgrims and the Indians thanked God for all His goodness to them. After church they ran races and played games. In the evenings the Indians sang and danced. This was the first Thanksgiving party.

Nearly every year since that time, Thanksgiving has been kept in our country. On that day our fathers, our mothers, our grandfathers, and our grandmothers feast together and give thanks to God for all His goodness.

WEE HARE AND RED FIRE

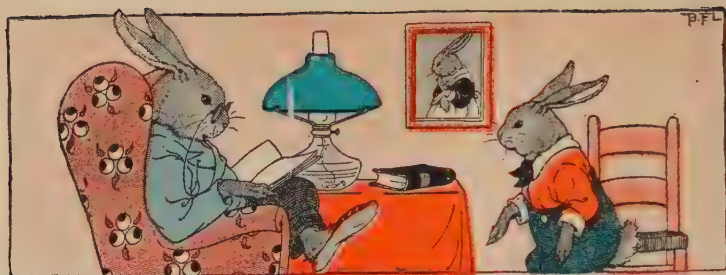
Once there was a Wee Hare. He was wise. He knew how to run when a man came by, and he knew how to hide when a dog was near. When he looked up into the sky and saw the dark spot the hawk made, he ran to his mother as fast as he could.

But this wise Wee Hare did not like to go out into the nice warm sunshine and run and jump and play. He would say to his mother, "I don't like to go out into the nice warm sunshine and run and jump and play. I want to go far into the woods and find Red Bush. I saw it one day and I know that it is good to eat. I want to find Red Bush."



“Oh, no,” said his mother, “that is Red Fire! He would burn and hurt you. Man and Dog are with him and they would hurt you. Then the wind might come and blow too hard for such a Wee Hare. The snow might come and cover you. So shut your eyes, turn down your ears, and take your nap.”

“Oh, no,” said Wee Hare, “I don’t want to go to sleep. I want to do just as I please. I want to find Red Fire. I know it must be something very good to eat.”



“Hush,” said Father Hare in a very low, deep voice. “You are not good. When you are good and the moon is shining and it is just like day, I’ll take you into the woods. There you can run and jump and play and do the things that little rabbits should do. Then you can eat the things that little rabbits should eat.”

“No, I don’t want to. I want to do just as I please. I want to go far into the woods and find Red Fire. I know it must be something very good to eat.”

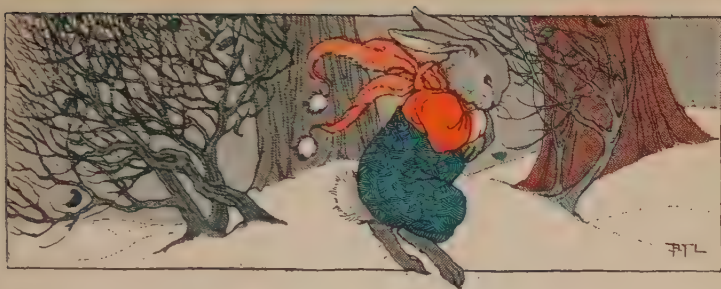


“Now,” said his mother, “do not say another word. Shut your eyes, turn down your ears, and take your nap. Red Fire would burn and hurt you. Man and Dog would hurt you. The wind might blow too hard for such a Wee Hare, and the snow might cover you. So shut your eyes, turn down your ears, and take your nap.”

The sun went high in the sky and it was noon. Good Father Hare took his nap. Good Mother Hare took her nap. Wee Hare shut his eyes and turned down his ears, but he did not take his nap. He wanted to do as he pleased.

When everything was quiet in the house, he slipped out of the door and ran and ran until his little feet were sore, but he could not find Red Fire.

Then he ran and ran and ran, until he could not run any more. Still he could not find Red Fire. He was so tired that he lay down under a bush to rest. His eyes went shut. His ears turned down. He could not see anything, and he could not hear anything, for it was long after the time for his nap.



When he waked up, there was the snow in every path in the woods. He jumped from under the bush as quickly as he could. He went step, step, step in the cold, cold snow.

“Oh, dear,” said Wee Hare, “how I wish I had stayed at home! My feet are so cold.”

He went step, step, step in the cold, cold snow. The sun went down in the west. It grew gray and then it grew dark. The wind came and blew and blew. It grew colder and colder.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How I do wish I had been good and stayed at home! My feet are so sore and cold that I cannot go another step."

Just then Wee Hare looked up and there, right in the middle of the path in the woods, was Red Fire. Close beside Red Fire was a man and a dog. Oh, how Wee Hare felt! His nose grew warm and his ears grew cold.

"Dear, oh, dear!" said Wee Hare. "How I do wish I had stayed at home! Why wasn't I good?"

At that minute the dog jumped up and down and said, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"

The man said, "Keep still," and the dog kept still.

Then Wee Hare crept very quietly into a tiny, tiny hole in a tree and sat on his cold little feet to keep them warm. He peeped out of the hole in the tree and watched Red Fire and the man and the dog.

“See how the man and the dog stay away from Red Fire! They are afraid of him, too. Oh, I know he would hurt me! How I do wish I had stayed at home!” said Wee Hare.

After a while, the man put snow over Red Fire and then he and the dog went away.

Then little Wee Hare crept very softly from the tree. He went step, step, step very softly, for he was afraid Red Fire might see him.



He went step, step, step in the cold, cold snow back through the dark woods to find his way home. It grew colder and colder. The snow grew deeper and deeper. The wind blew harder and harder.

“My feet are so cold! They hurt so I don’t believe that I can go another step! Oh, how I wish that I had been good and stayed at home!” cried Wee Hare.

The snow and the wind said, “We will help you” (but low and soft, so Wee Hare couldn’t hear).

Then it grew colder and colder. It grew so cold that the snow became just like ice. Wee Hare didn't sink into it any longer. The moon came up, and the moonlight made it just like day. The wind got behind Wee Hare and went push, push, push. So with a hop, skip, and a jump, little Wee Hare was soon home. How glad he was to reach his good home again!

"Oh, Mother!" he said, "I haven't been good. I've been a bad hare."

"Well," said his mother, "you must be good now." He did not know how glad she was that he was at home again.

Then Wee Hare crept very close to his mother. He shut his eyes, turned down his ears, and went to sleep.

THE KITTEN THAT WANTED TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

On a cold day in winter a rabbit was hopping along on his way through the woods. Snow had been falling and the ground was white, but the rabbit did not mind the snow or the cold, for his fur was thick and warm. All at once he stopped short and sat up and listened with his long ears.

"Mew, mew!" he heard.

The rabbit was a little frightened. "That does not sound like any one I know," he said. "Perhaps I had better hide." Just then he heard the cry again, "Mew, mew!" He hopped around to the other side of a log.

There, standing in the snow, was a small gray kitten. "Mew, mew!" she was crying.

The rabbit had never seen a kitten before, for kittens do not live in the woods.

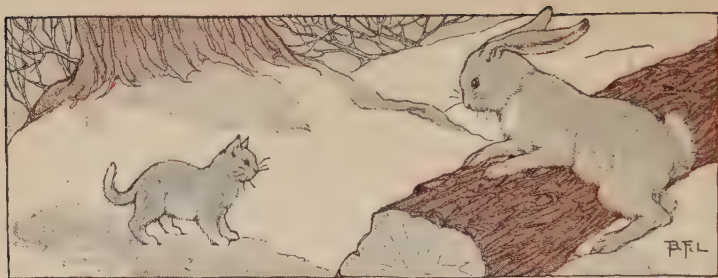
"Good day," said the rabbit. "I heard you calling, so I came to see what was the trouble."

"Oh, please," said the kitten, "the snow is so deep that I can't walk. I sink into it. How do you go so fast?"

"I hop," said the rabbit. "Shall I help you home?"

"Oh," said the kitten, "I have no home."

"What do you mean?" said the rabbit. "I thought every one had a home."



"I used to have a home," said the kitten. "I lived with my mother and brothers in a barn. One day there was a big wind, and pieces of the barn fell down around our heads. My mother told us to run and I ran. When I stopped, I could not find the others."

"That is very sad," said the rabbit. "What are you going to do?"

"I should like to be a Christmas present," said the little kitten.

"A Christmas present!" said the rabbit. "What kind of animal is that?"

"I don't just know," said the kitten. "But my grandmother said that if you were a Christmas present you had some one to love you. You had enough to eat and a warm place to sleep. You are so happy that you purr."

"How do you purr?" said the rabbit.

"I don't know," said the kitten. "I have tried many times, but I have not been able to do it yet."

"If you are a little rested I will hop along with you," said the rabbit.

"Perhaps we may meet some one who can tell us about Christmas presents."

The rabbit led the way through the woods, and soon they met a squirrel.

"Where are you going?" said the squirrel.

"We are trying to find some one who knows about Christmas presents," said the rabbit.

"Oh," said the squirrel, "the day of Christmas presents is tomorrow. The bears told me that today. They know because Santa Claus comes by their home every year."

"Who is Santa Claus?" asked the rabbit.

"I don't know," said the squirrel. "Let us go and see the bears." So, hopping and running, they all started off for the home of the bears.

When they arrived, the rabbit said, "This kitten wants to be a Christmas present. What do you know about Christmas presents?"

"Oh, we know all about them," said the big bear. "Santa Claus comes by here every year on his way to fill the children's stockings."

"The kitten can see him tonight," said the little bear. "She can wait for him in the path."

Then the bears led the way to the road Santa Claus would take.

"It may be hard work to stop his reindeer," said the big bear. "They go very fast even if they have a big load of toys."

"Let us lay some big branches and some small trees across the path," said the rabbit. "Then he will have to slow up a bit. That will give the kitten time to talk to him."

The bears brought small trees and big branches. The squirrel and the rabbit brought twigs. The kitten forgot she was tired and worked faster than any one else. At last they had a high wall across the path.

The animals sat in a row and waited. For a long time all was still. Then far off they heard a noise like the sound of a hard rain. It grew louder and louder. A minute more, and out into the path dashed six beautiful reindeer. They were pulling a sleigh loaded with toys.

"Whoa! whoa!" suddenly called a voice, and the reindeer stopped short. They had reached the wall of branches and trees. Santa Claus stood up in the sleigh.

“What is this?” cried Santa Claus.
“What is across the way? Up, Dunder!
Up, Blitzen! Up, now! Up, all! Up over
the tree tops!”

The reindeer were just about to spring
from the ground, when the kitten called
out, “Oh, wait, Mr. Santa Claus, wait
for me!”

“Wait! Wait for the kitten!” cried
the bears and the squirrel and the rabbit
in one voice. “She has something to ask
you.”

Santa Claus stopped Dunder and Blitzen
and looked down. “What is all this?”
he asked.

The kitten came nearer to the sleigh
and said, “I want to be a Christmas
present, if you please.”



“A Christmas present!” said Santa Claus, and he looked down at the little kitten. Then he nodded. “Well, you shall be one! I think I know just the place to take you.” He reached out of the sleigh and, picking her up gently, put her beside him in the soft furs. Then, before the little kitten could say good-by, away went the reindeer up over the tree tops. She tried to purr, but fell asleep by Santa Claus’s side.

When she opened her eyes she was no longer in the sleigh. She was on a rug before a warm fire, and beside her was a dish of milk.

Then the door behind her opened and in ran a sweet little girl, who picked up the kitten.

"Oh, you dear, dear pussy," she said. "Are you a Christmas present? Santa Claus must have guessed that I wanted a kitten to play with."

The kitten looked up into the little girl's face. It was even better to be a Christmas present than she had thought. And then, without knowing what she was doing, she began to purr.

DAISY PLYMPTON (*Adapted*)

CRADLE HYMN

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his
sweet head.

The stars in the bright sky looked down
where he lay —

The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But the little Lord Jesus, no crying he
makes.

I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from
the sky,

And stay by my cradle till morning is
nigh.

MARTIN LUTHER



WHY EVERGREENS KEEP THEIR LEAVES

Winter was coming. All the birds had gone to the sunny South to wait for the spring. But one little bird was left behind. He had a broken wing and could not go. He could fly but a little way.

He looked all around to see where he could keep warm during the winter. At last he thought of the trees in the forest.

"Perhaps the trees will keep me warm," he said.



So the little bird hopped along until he came to a silver birch tree.

“Beautiful birch tree,” he said, “will you let me live in your warm branches until the spring comes?”

The birch tree shook all her leaves. They made a little singing sound. “Dear me,” she said, “I have to take care of my leaves during the winter. I can’t take care of a little bird. Go away.”



So the little bird hopped along until he came to a big oak tree. "Big oak tree," said the little bird, "will you please let me live in your branches until the spring time comes?"

"Oh, no!" said the oak tree. "I cannot shelter you. I must get my new leaves ready for the spring. I can't be troubled with you."



The little bird turned sadly away. He hopped along, dragging his broken wing, until he came to a willow tree by the shore of a lake.

“Oh, lovely willow tree,” said the little bird, “will you let me live in your warm branches until the spring time comes?”

The willow waved her branches gently in the soft wind. “Oh, no!” she said. “I never talk to strangers.”

The poor little bird did not know where to go. But he hopped along dragging his broken wing. At last he came to a fir tree.

The fir tree said, "You poor little bird. Where are you going?"

"I do not know," said the bird. "I cannot fly south, as the other birds have done, for I have a broken wing. I have been asking the trees to help me, but no one will shelter me."

"You may live with me," said the fir tree. "Here is the warmest branch of all. Fly right up."

"May I live with you all winter?" said the little bird.

"Yes," said the fir tree. "I should like to have you."

A pine tree stood beside the fir tree. "I am big and strong," he said. "I will keep the wind off the little bird while he lives in your branches."

"I will give him berries to eat," said the juniper. "Juniper berries are good for little birds."

By and by North Wind came to the woods to play. Frost King came with him. North Wind found some leaves on the silver birch. He blew and blew until every leaf went floating down. He found some leaves on the oak tree. He blew and blew until he had spread them all on the ground. He found some yellow leaves on the willow. He blew them into the lake and they floated away like tiny boats.



"May I touch every leaf?" the North Wind said to the Frost King.

"No," said the Frost King, "the trees that were kind to the little bird may keep their leaves. They shall be evergreen trees."

So the fir, the pine, and the juniper trees kept their leaves all winter. And they do so to this day.

An Old Tale

THE JACKAL AND THE ALLIGATOR

Part I

Once there was a little Jackal. How he did like to eat crabs! But an old Alligator lived in the river and he liked to eat little Jackals.

One day the little Jackal wanted some crabs. He put his paw into the water to find one. Snap! his paw was in the big Alligator's mouth!

"Oh," thought the little Jackal, "that old Alligator has my paw in his mouth. What shall I do?"

So the little Jackal called out in a loud voice, "Clever Mr. Alligator, to take that old root for my paw! I hope you will find it nice and tender."



Now the Alligator was under the water and could not see. He thought, "Dear me, I have made a mistake." So he let the little Jackal go.

The little Jackal ran away as fast as he could. He called back, "Thank you, Mr. Alligator, clever Mr. Alligator! Thank you for letting me go."

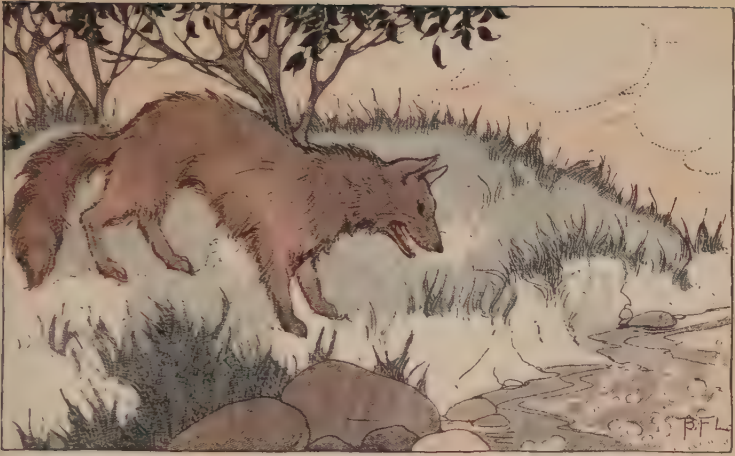
The old Alligator was very angry and snapped his jaws.

Part II

The next day the little Jackal thought he must have a crab. So he went to the river and looked about. He did not see the Alligator, but he thought it was wise to be very careful.

So he said to himself, "Where are all the little crabs? When I don't see them sticking up out of the water, I see them blowing little bubbles. The bubbles pop, pop, pop and then I know where the little crabs are."

The old Alligator was under the water. He thought, "I will play that I am a crab, so that I can catch that little Jackal." And the old Alligator began to blow bubbles. Pop, pop, pop went the bubbles.



The little Jackal laughed when he saw the bubbles. He called back to the old Alligator, "Thank you, Mr. Alligator, clever Mr. Alligator! You are so kind to show me where you are. I'll get my crabs somewhere else."

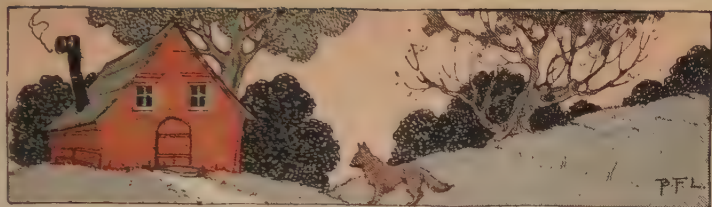
The old Alligator was so angry that he snapped his jaws and beat the water with his tail. "I'll have that little Jackal yet," he said.

Part III

Very early the next morning the old Alligator crept and crawled, crept and crawled, until he came to the little Jackal's house. Then he hid himself inside the house and waited for the little Jackal to come home.

By and by the little Jackal came running along, but looking all around. When he came near his house he saw some strange tracks on the ground. "Dear me," he thought, "what can this be? The old Alligator must be near." So he began to talk to himself.

He said, "Little house, little house, speak to me! You always speak to me if everything is all right."



“Well,” thought the old Alligator, “I suppose I shall have to speak or the little Jackal will not come in.” So he said, “Come in, little Jackal!”

When the little Jackal heard that, he was very much frightened.

He said to himself, “The old Alligator is in my house. If I do not get him away he will surely eat me.”

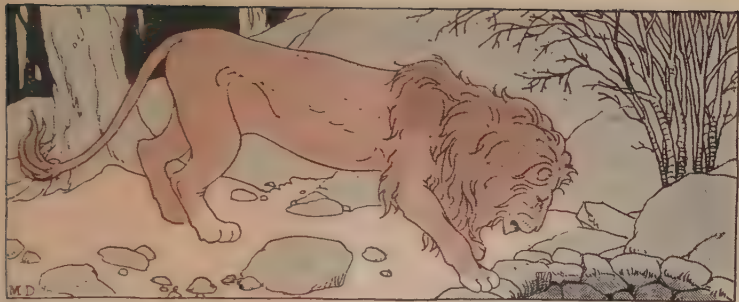
He thought very fast. Then he said, “Thank you, little house. I like to hear your voice. I will be there in a minute. First I must gather some wood for the fire.”



The little Jackal gathered wood, and more wood, and more wood, and put it up in front of the door. Then he set fire to it. The fire smoked and smoked and smoked. The smoke filled the little house.

Now it was the old Alligator's turn to be frightened. He crawled out of the back door as fast as he could go. Never again did he trouble the little Jackal.

An Old Story



THE LION AND THE MOSQUITOES

One summer long ago the Lion was very thirsty. No rain had fallen for many weeks. The sun had taken away all the water in the little streams. The ponds and the rivers were dry. The Lion went all about the land looking everywhere for some water to drink.

At last he found a little water in an old well, but it was not fresh water. As he was so very thirsty he said, "I must drink, even if the water is not fresh."

As he was ready to jump down into the well to drink, he found that it was the home of a great many mosquitoes.

"Go away," said the mosquitoes. "This is our home and we are happy here. We do not wish you or the fox or any beast to come here. Go away, you cannot drink here."

The Lion roared and said, "Do you know who I am? I am the Lion, the King of the forest. It is you who must go away, for I have come to drink. I am very thirsty."

"You cannot drink here," said the mosquitoes. "We are many and you are only one. This is our home and we shall not leave it. It is you who must go away."



"Go away from here," roared the Lion. "All the animals in the forest must obey me."

"No, we will not go away," said the mosquitoes. "Our family lived here before you were born. If you do not leave us, we will call all the mosquitoes together, and you shall know trouble."

"Oh, you little ones! I will kill every one of you!" roared the Lion as he jumped down into the well.

Then the mosquitoes, big and little, buzzed around him. Some went into his ears and stung him. The smallest ones went into his nose and stung him. The big ones went into his mouth and choked him. Hundreds buzzed over his head and made a great noise.

The Lion roared and jumped. He tried to get out, but the well was very deep and there he had to stay.

Just before he died he said, "If I had been kind, the mosquitoes would have given me water to drink. But I was proud and angry, so I must die."

A Chinese Legend

THE LITTLE TURTLE¹

There was a little turtle.

He lived in a box.

He swam in a puddle.

He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.

He snapped at a flea.

He snapped at a minnow,

And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.

He caught the flea.

He caught the minnow,

But he didn't catch me.

VACHEL LINDSAY

¹ From "Collected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.



ESKIMO LIFE

Moving Time

It is a busy time in Ikwa's home. The short summer in the Far North is almost over. Now the Eskimo families must move. They must leave their summer home and go up the coast to the place where they stay every winter.

Ikwa's father and mother put all their things into a boat. Mother carries down to the boat all the deerskins which they use for beds and blankets. She puts into the boat many fur-covered skins. These she will make into clothes for the winter.

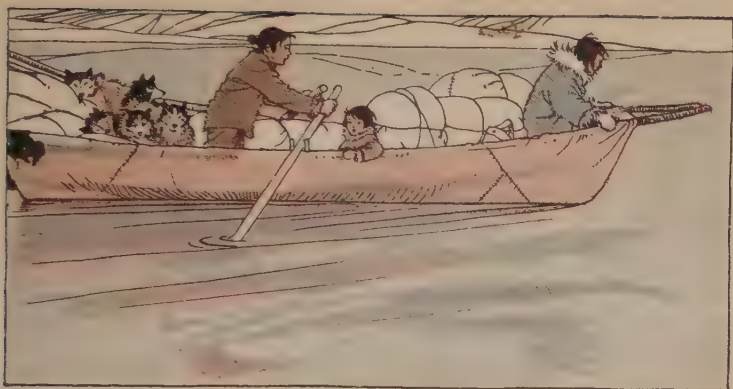
Ikwa helps his mother. He carries down to the shore the stone lamps and the pots and the dishes. His mother packs them into the boat.

Father takes down from the tent poles bags made of skins. These bags are filled with oil from the seals and whales which he has caught during the summer. Father carries the bags very carefully. The oil will give light and heat during the long cold winter.



Mother goes to some rocks. She takes from under the rocks all the meat of the seals, whales, and walrus. This meat has been put away where it would freeze. Freezing the meat keeps it from spoiling. She also puts into the boat all the birds' eggs which have been kept for winter food.

Last of all Father takes down the tent in which they have lived all the summer. The tent is made of poles covered with skins of many seals.



Now the family is ready to start on its long journey. The dogs crowd into the little place that is left in the boat. Mother rows the boat. Father must sit in the front of the boat so that he can watch for seals. These he will kill for food.

Every night all the families camp in some sheltered spot along the shore. After many days they come to the place where, for many years, they have lived during the winter. The long journey is over.



The Winter Home

When the ground is covered with deep snow, the time has come to build the winter home. The winter home is called an igloo.

Ikwa helps his mother pack down the snow until it is as hard as ice. Then his father cuts the snow into big blocks. These he puts together until they look like a big bowl turned upside down.

Into the cracks between the blocks of snow, Ikwa helps his mother put soft snow. This snow will freeze and keep out the cold wind.



While Ikwa and his mother are busy filling the cracks, Father makes a window. He cuts a hole in the side of the igloo and puts in a cake of clear ice.

Father cuts a door, too. This door is so low that even Ikwa must crawl in on his hands and knees.

In front of the door Father makes another room that looks like a smaller bowl turned upside down. This room has a low door, too.



The smaller room is the storeroom. The sleds and harnesses for the dogs are kept in the storeroom. Here, too, the dogs live.

In the larger room the family lives. On one side of this room Father builds a wide bench of hard snow. Then Mother covers this bench with moss which she gathered in the summer. Over the moss she places the deerskins. This makes a soft, warm bed.



Ikwa's father makes two smaller benches. One is used as a seat. On the other bench Mother keeps her knives, stone lamps, pots, and dishes.

After the igloo is built, Mother lights the stone lamp which she has filled with oil. This heats the room and lights it too. The winter home is now ready for the family.

Winter Fun

Ikwa likes the long winter night of the North Land. For many weeks he will not see the sun, but there are many things that he can do.

In the middle of the day he plays out of doors with the other children. Even if it is very cold he does not care. He wears two suits of clothes. These are made of fur.

One suit is made of soft skins with the fur turned inside. This suit Ikwa puts on first. The other suit is made of thicker skins with the fur outside. The coats have hoods lined with fur. These hoods fit closely around Ikwa's head. The hoods keep him nice and warm.



His feet do not get cold, as he wears long stockings made of deer or bird skins. Over these stockings he wears knee boots. The boots are made of reindeer hide or of the skin of seals. On his hands are warm gloves. The gloves are made of soft fur.



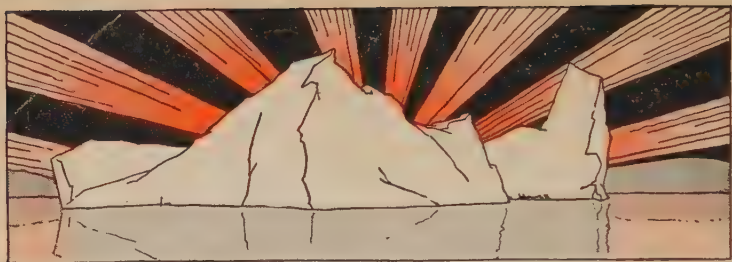
Ikwa and his friends play that they are hunters. They have great fun shooting with their bows and arrows.

They coast down the hills on their sleds. Sometimes they harness the puppies. It is fun to teach them how to pull the sleds.

The girls make dolls of bone. They dress the dolls in pieces of fur. Ikwa and the boys make tiny igloos with which they all play house.



What a good time Ikwa has when the family goes visiting! Mother packs the sleds with fur blankets, food, lamps, and cooking dishes. Father harnesses the dogs to the sleds. Mother and Ikwa tuck the fur blankets around them. Father cracks his long whip, and off they go to visit their friends.



But the best time of all is in the evening. On clear nights the stars seem to twinkle and wink at Ikwa. When the moon is full, the snow sparkles like diamonds.

Some nights Ikwa can see wonderful colors in the sky. Long streamers of colored lights shoot up and up and up. They look like bands of ribbon streaming across the sky. Sometimes the colors will almost disappear. Then they will shoot up brighter than ever. They are the beautiful Northern Lights.

After supper the family and friends gather around the stone lamp and tell stories. The men tell stories about hunting the walrus and the whale. Ikwa wishes he were a big boy so that he could go hunting.

Ikwa listens as long as he can keep his eyes open. Then Mother takes off all his clothes and tucks him into bed between the warm fur blankets.

After many weeks the sun begins to shine a little while each day. Then the days grow longer and longer. The winter night is almost over. Soon the families will move to their summer homes.



OUR FLAG

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

Then "Hurrah for the flag!" our country's
flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

FIND THE JOKE

I

Tom. Which leather makes the best shoes?

Dick. I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers.

II

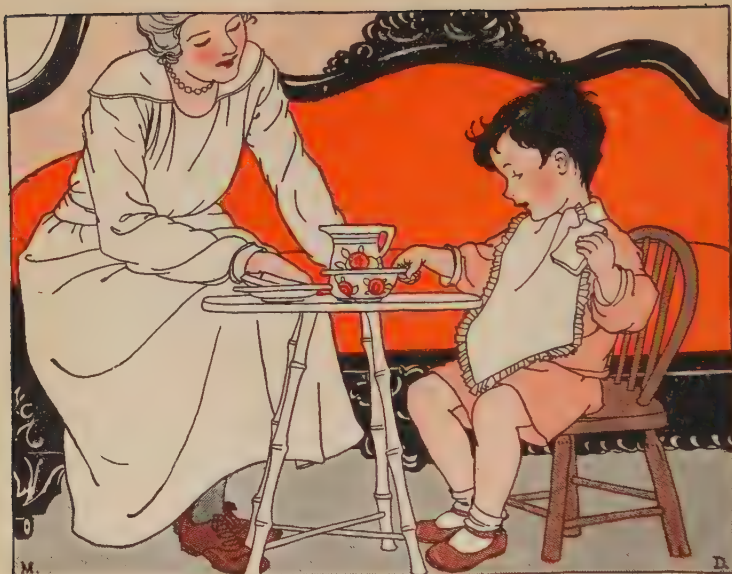
Jane liked to look at Mrs. Brown's watch. One day Jane said to her, "When I get to be a big girl I am going to have an arm clock, too."

III

Bill said, "What do you think! Dan goes to bed with his shoes on."

Tom said, "Who is Dan?"

Bill answered, "Grandfather's horse."



IV

When David was four years old he was visiting Grandmother in the country. At breakfast she gave him a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it and then looking at Grandmother said, "I wish our milkman would sell his wagon and get a cow."



KING MIDAS

Many years ago there lived a king who was named Midas. He had more gold than any one else in the world. Still he was not happy. Every day he wished for more gold.

King Midas had a little daughter. Her name was Marigold. He loved her very much. There was only one thing he loved better. That was his gold.

One day when the king was in his gold room, counting his money, a fairy stood before him.

"You have much gold, King Midas," said the fairy.

"That may be," said the king, "but I should like much more. Then I should be very happy."

"Are you sure," asked the fairy, "that you would be happy then?"

"I wish everything I touch would turn to gold," said the king. "Then I should be the happiest man in the world."

"Your wish shall be given you," said the fairy, "for tomorrow morning everything that you touch shall turn to gold."

Then the fairy disappeared.

The next morning when King Midas wakened, he touched the bed lightly with his hand. The bed turned to gold. He began to dress himself. His clothes became gold. He ran around the room touching everything. Everything he touched turned to gold. How happy he was!

The king went down to breakfast. Then a strange thing happened. When he picked up a glass of clear, cold water to drink, it became gold. He picked up a red apple to eat and it became a golden apple. The bread, when he touched it, also turned to gold.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "I am hungry and thirsty and I cannot eat and I cannot drink."



Just then the door opened and in came little Marigold. The king kissed her. At once the little girl was changed to gold. She was no longer a little girl, but a golden doll.

Then a voice said, "Are you happy, King Midas?"

The king looked up and saw the fairy standing beside him. "Happy?" he cried. "I am the most unhappy man in the world! I have lost my little daughter."

"But you have your wish," said the fairy.

"Oh, fairy," begged the unhappy king, "take away the golden touch. Take all my gold. Take everything I have, only give me back my little daughter."

"Very well," said the fairy. "Go down to the river and wash yourself. Fill this pitcher with some of the water. Then sprinkle the things which you have turned to gold."

King Midas ran to the river and jumped in. He brought back some water in the pitcher and sprinkled the water on Marigold.

At once she opened her eyes and kissed her father. Never again did the king wish for more gold.

A Greek Myth



THE LITTLE RABBIT WHO WANTED RED WINGS¹

Once upon a time there was a little White Rabbit. He was *such* a pretty little rabbit, but he wasn't happy.

¹ Adapted from "For the Story Teller." Used by permission of Milton Bradley Company.



Just think, this little White Rabbit always wanted to be somebody else.

When Mr. Bushy Tail, the gray squirrel, went by, the little rabbit would say to his Mammy, "Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a long gray tail like Mr. Bushy Tail's."

And when Mr. Porcupine went by, the little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy, "Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had needles on my back like Mr. Porcupine's."

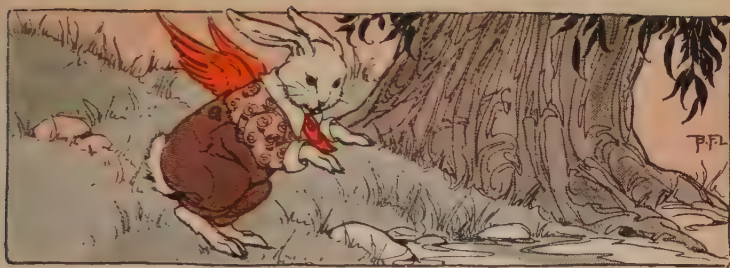
And when Mrs. Puddle-Duck went by in her little red rubbers, the little rabbit would say, "Oh, I *wish* I had a pair of red rubbers like Mrs. Puddle-Duck's."

So he went on and on wishing until, at last, his Mammy was tired out with his wishing.

Old Mr. Ground Hog heard him wishing one day. Now Old Mr. Ground Hog is very wise indeed, so he said to the little White Rabbit, "Why don't you go down to the Wishing Pond? If you look at yourself in the water and turn around three times, you will get your wish."

So the little White Rabbit started off. He hopped through the woods until he came to a pond of green water. It was the Wishing Pond. On the edge of the pond sat a little red bird getting a drink.

As soon as the little White Rabbit saw the bird, he began to wish again, "Oh, I wish I had a pair of little red wings."



Just then he looked in the Wishing Pond. Then he turned around three times and something happened. He began to have a queer feeling in his shoulders. It was his wings coming through. By night he had a beautiful pair of long red wings.

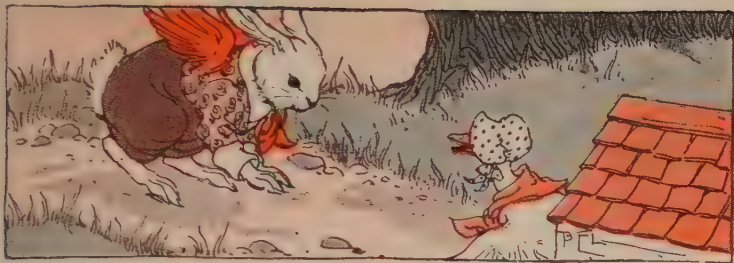
But by the time he reached home it was getting dark. When he went into the hole at the foot of the big tree where he lived, his Mammy didn't know him. No, she really and truly did not know him! You see, she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life.

So the little White Rabbit had to go out again. His Mammy wouldn't let him get into his own bed. He had to go out and look for some place where he could sleep all night.

He went on and on until he came to Mr. Bushy Tail's house, and he knocked at the door and said, "Please, kind Mr. Bushy Tail, may I sleep in your house all night?"

Mr. Bushy Tail opened his door a crack, then he shut it again. You see, he had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all his life.

So the little White Rabbit went on until he came to Mrs. Puddle-Duck's nest. He said, "Please, Mrs. Puddle-Duck, may I sleep in your nest?"



Mrs. Puddle-Duck put her head up out of her nest just a little way. Then she shut her eyes and spread her wings out so far that she covered her nest. You see, she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life.

So the little White Rabbit went on and on until he came to Old Mr. Ground Hog's hole. Old Mr. Ground Hog let him sleep with him all night, but the hole had nutshells all over it. Old Mr. Ground Hog liked to sleep on nutshells, but they hurt the little White Rabbit's feet.

When morning came, the little White Rabbit decided to try his wings and fly a little. He climbed up on a hill and spread his wings and sailed off. He landed in a low bush all full of thorns and his feet were caught by the thorns.

"Mammy, Mammy, come and help me!" he called.

His Mammy didn't hear him, but Old Mr. Ground Hog did. He came and helped the little White Rabbit out of the thorn bush.

"Don't you want your red wings?" Mr. Ground Hog asked.

"No, *no*!" he answered.

"Well," said Old Mr. Ground Hog, "why don't you go down to the Wishing Pond and wish them *off* again?"

One day the hunter became very sick and his little boy had to care for the fire by himself. For days and days, and nights and nights, the little boy watched it and cared for it.

At last he was too tired to keep his eyes open any longer. He fell fast asleep on the ground.

Now in the Northland lived a cruel white bear. He liked the cold and hated the fire. As soon as the little boy was asleep, the white bear, who had been watching, crept up to the fire. He jumped upon the coals with his big wet feet, and rolled over on them until he could not see a spark. Then he went back into the woods again, for he thought the hated fire was dead.



But up in a tree sat a little gray bird. She saw what the white bear had done and was sorry. She flew to the place where the fire had been. There she found one tiny spark left.

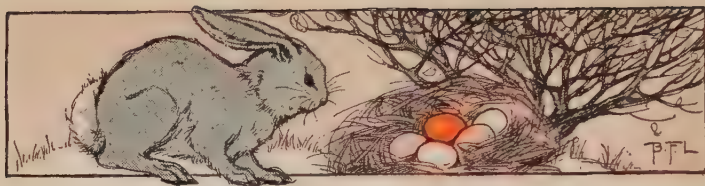
She began to fan the spark with her wings. She fanned and fanned it. The tiny spark grew brighter. More sparks came, and soon there was a blaze. The fire burned higher and higher. It burned the little bird's breast, but she did not care. She had saved the fire.



After a while the little boy waked. He found the fire burning brightly. Then the little bird flew back to her tree, but the old white bear growled and growled. He was angry to think that the fire had been saved.

Ever since that time the little gray bird has had a red breast. We call the bird Robin Redbreast.

A Norse Folk Tale



THE EASTER RABBIT

Long ago, in a land far away, no rain fell for many months. The grass died, the leaves on the trees turned brown, the corn and the wheat did not grow. When the fall came there was no flour to store away for winter.

During all this time the only happy people in this land were the children. They could play out of doors every day, for there were no rainy days. The fathers and mothers were not happy. They were troubled. They must make the little food they had left last all winter.

As Easter time drew near, the fathers and mothers became more troubled. In this land, Easter was the children's happy time. Then they were given many toys, candies, cakes, and other good things to eat. What could the fathers and mothers do for the children's Easter? Every day it grew harder to find enough bread.

One night, after the children were in bed, the mothers met to see what could be done. One mother said, "We can give the children eggs, for the hens are still laying."

"Eggs will not do," said another. "The children have eggs every day."

Sadly the mothers went home. Easter would not be a happy time for the children this year.



That night one mother could not sleep. She tried and tried to think of some way to make the children happy on Easter. Suddenly she had an idea. She sat right up in bed and said, "I know what we can do to make the children happy."

The next morning, as soon as it was light, she told another mother the plan. By noon all the mothers and fathers knew the secret, but not a child knew it.

The week before Easter was a busy one. All the fathers and the mothers whispered to one another. Every time they thought of the secret they giggled. They were very happy.

On Easter morning when church was over, the fathers and mothers took the children to the woods back of the church. They said, "Let us see if we can find some flowers."

Away through the woods ran all the children. Then an hurrah went up, now here, now there.

"Mother, see what I have found in the grass!" "Father, look here!"

"Oh, here is a red egg!" "Look at the yellow one!" "Here is a nest full of beautiful eggs!"



The children came running to the fathers and mothers. They brought beautiful colored eggs which they had found in nests under the trees.

“What kind of eggs are these?” asked the children.

“They are too large for birds’ eggs,” said one.

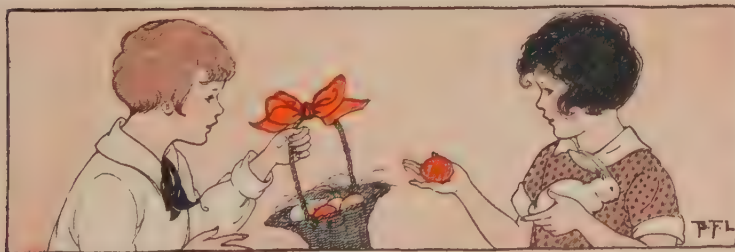
“They are as large as hens’ eggs,” said another. “But who ever saw a red or a blue hen’s egg?”

Just then out from behind a tree, where the children had found a nest full of eggs, a rabbit jumped. Away he went among the trees, hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop, hop.

"Oh, the rabbit laid the pretty eggs!" cried the children. "He must be an Easter rabbit."

Ever since that time the Easter rabbit has brought to the little children of all countries beautiful colored eggs at Easter time.

An Old German Tale





THE TURKEY'S NEST¹

Part I

Once there was an old turkey hen. She wanted to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way and she took a long time. At last she found the very place. She said,

“They may go to the east,
They may go to the west,
But they’ll never be able
To find my nest.”

All the way home she held her head high in the air. She was so proud!

¹ Adapted from “More Mother Stories.” Used by permission of Milton Bradley Company.

When she got home she found all her friends talking about her. As soon as they saw the old turkey hen they called, "Where in the world have you made your nest?"

"Guess," said the turkey hen.

"I guess the goose pond," said the Gray Goose. "I always try to get near the water."

"I guess the pond, too," said the White Duck. "The pond is just the place for a family."

"I guess the haystack," said the Brown Hen. "There is nothing better for a family than hay."

But though they did their very best, they could not guess where she had made her nest.



The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She walked about the yard like a queen.

When the old cook saw her, she said to the children, "Just look at that old turkey hen. I am sure that she has made a nest somewhere."

"Then I'll find it," said Sister Sally. She went down into the meadow. She looked in the grasses and leaves, in the bushes and holes in the trees.

But though she did her very best,
She could not find the turkey's nest.



“I’ll find the turkey’s nest,” said Brother Fred. He went up the hill, and down in the field, and over by the pond.

But though he did his very best,
He could not find the turkey’s nest.

“I’ll find the turkey’s nest,” said little Ben. He looked under the house and in the barn and out by the haystack.

But though he did his very best,
He could not find the turkey’s nest.



Part II

At last Mother said, "I will look for the turkey's nest." So she put on her big hat and went down to the wood lot. There she sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw Mother, and Mother saw her. They did not say a word.

The turkey hen walked round and round just as if she wasn't thinking about anything. After a while she went through the big gate into the road.

Mother got up and followed her just as still as a mouse. And the turkey hen

Went up the hill
And down the hill;
And through the field
And by the mill;
She went to the east,
She went to the west;
But she never, never,
Went near her nest.

"I'll give it up," said Mother. "I can't find that turkey's nest."

And the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.



“Now,” said Father, “I’ll try.”

“He will be able to find it if any one can,” said Fred.

So early one morning Father started out. He stayed so long that the children went down the road to meet him.

When Father saw them coming, he called out,

“I’m sure I’ve done my very best,
But I can’t find that turkey’s nest.”



Part III

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. Now her friends seldom saw her. She came to the barn only when she wanted something to eat.

Gray Goose, White Duck, and Brown Hen said they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.



But they *were* surprised and so were the children. One sunny morning the turkey hen walked slowly into the yard with twelve little turkeys following behind her.

“Just look at my children!” she said proudly. “We have just come from my nest down in the corner by the old rail fence.”

Then she said,
“I’ll tell you what, I did my best,
When I found that place to make
my nest.”

MAUD LINDSAY

WHY THE RABBIT HAS A SHORT TAIL¹

Part I

Many years ago Jack Rabbit did not look as he does now. Instead of long ears, he had short ones. Instead of a little short tail, he had a long bushy one. It was this bushy tail that got him into trouble. This is how it happened.

Jack Rabbit knew that the fox was jealous of his long bushy tail. So every time he saw the fox, Jack Rabbit would wave his tail back and forth, back and forth in front of him. This made Jack Rabbit feel very proud indeed, but it made the fox very jealous and angry.

¹Retold from "Bee Martin and Other Tales," by Ossian Lang.
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The fox said to himself, "I'll get even with that Jack Rabbit some day. He feels too biggety-big."

Then the fox went away and sat down on a sunny log and thought and thought. After a long time he said, "I know what I can do to get even with Jack Rabbit."



Part II

Early the next morning the fox came up the road with a fine string of fish.

When Jack Rabbit saw the fox, he said, "Brother Fox, where did you get those fish?"

"Oh," said the fox, "I caught them down in the pond."

"How did you catch so many?" asked Jack Rabbit. "What kind of hook and line did you use?"

"I caught them without any hook and line," said the fox.

"What!" said Jack Rabbit. "You caught all those fish without a hook and line? How did you do it?"

"Oh, fishing without a hook and line is easy," said the fox. "All you have to do is to go to the pond and sit on a log with your tail hanging down into the water. If you sit there you will have more fish in the morning than you can carry home."

Jack Rabbit decided to go fishing that very night, for he liked fish better than anything else.



Part III

Just as the sun went down, Jack Rabbit slipped down to the pond. He carried a warm blanket with him for the nights were very cold. Carefully he crept out to the end of a log and hung his tail down into the water. There he sat.

The night grew colder and colder and colder. Jack Rabbit wrapped the blanket around him closer and closer. He kept thinking of the fine fish he should have in the morning.



As soon as the sun began to appear, Jack Rabbit tried to pull his tail out of the water. He could hardly wait to see how many fish he had caught. He pulled and pulled, but he could not get his tail out of the water. It was frozen fast in the ice, but Jack Rabbit thought his tail was held by the fish that he had caught.

Harder and harder he pulled, but his tail was frozen fast. At last he began to get frightened. He was afraid the fish would pull him into the water. So he cried in a loud voice, "Help, help! Someone come and help me pull these fish out of the water!"

Part IV

An old owl, who lived in a tree near the pond, heard Jack Rabbit calling. He flew down to see how he could help him. "Where are the fish?" asked the old owl.

"They are on the end of my tail," said Jack Rabbit. "Help me pull them out, Mr. Owl."

The owl took hold of Jack Rabbit's left ear with his strong bill. He pulled and pulled. The ear grew longer and longer, but still the rabbit's tail held fast in the ice.

Then the owl took hold of Jack Rabbit's right ear and pulled and pulled. This ear grew longer and longer, but still the tail held fast.

“Oh, Mr. Owl,” said Jack Rabbit, “don’t make my ears any longer. Why don’t you pull my tail?”

But Mr. Owl did not pull Jack Rabbit’s tail. He put his strong bill around the small piece of Jack Rabbit’s tail that was out of the ice. Snip, snip, went his strong bill. The tail was off.

Poor Jack Rabbit! Never again did he feel biggety-big. Never again did he wave a long bushy tail. From that day to this all rabbits have long ears and short tails.

OSSIAN LANG

HELPING GRANDFATHER

One morning Grandfather said, "I wonder if you children will help me today. If you will, come down to the hay barn about ten o'clock. There are some robbers about here, and I want you to help me frighten them away."

"Why, of course we will help you, Grandfather," cried the children, "but where are the robbers, and how can we frighten them away?"

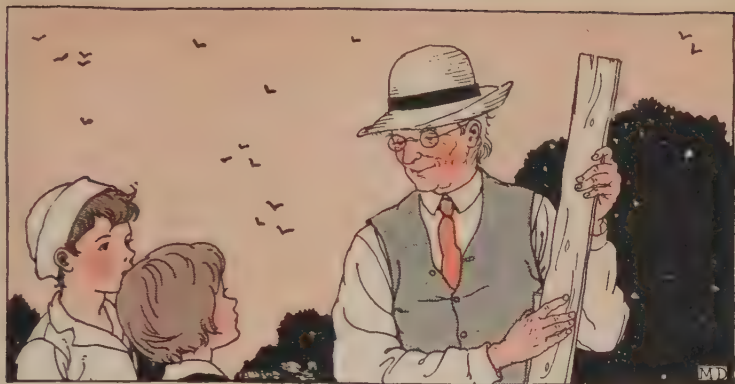
Grandfather's eyes twinkled as he said, "These robbers haven't any hands, they never go into houses. They steal at night, but they steal the day." Then Grandfather went to the barn.



The children begged Grandmother to tell them about the robbers, but not a thing would she tell them.

When ten o'clock came, Tom and Alice were at the hay barn. Soon Grandfather came, bringing two boards. One board was about six feet long and three inches wide. The other board was about four feet long and three inches wide.

"Well," said Grandfather, "are you going to help me frighten the robbers



“Oh, yes, Grandfather, but please tell us about the robbers.”

Grandfather laughed and said, “The robbers whom we are going to frighten away are about sixteen inches long, but there are very many of them. They move about very quickly, too. Now let us begin to work. You may get me the hammer and some nails, Tom. Alice, you may ask your grandfather for one of my old coats and an old hat.”

Tom brought the hammer and nails and Grandfather nailed the two boards together. He nailed the middle of the short board about two feet from the end of the long board. "Now," said Grandfather, "give me the coat and hat."

Grandfather put the ends of the short board through the sleeves of the coat and fastened the coat. He fastened some pieces of paper to the sleeves of the coat. Then he nailed the hat on the top of the long board.

"What a funny looking man!" said Tom. "Where is his face?"

"The robbers won't think of that," said Grandfather. "Now come with me, and we will find the robbers and frighten them away."

Grandfather led Tom and Alice out of the barn and down by the field where the garden vegetables were planted. When they came to the field where the corn was planted, up from the field flew many crows. "Caw, caw, caw," they said, as they flew away.

"Oh," cried Tom, "are these the robbers, Grandfather?"

"Yes," said Grandfather, "these are the robbers whom we are going to frighten away with the man we made. That is why we call it a scarecrow."

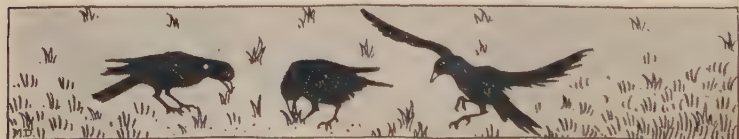
"But what are the crows stealing, Grandfather?" said Alice.

"They are pulling up the corn plants to get the kernels of corn we planted," said Grandfather.

Then Grandfather showed the children the kernel of corn on the roots of each corn plant. "This kernel of corn," said Grandfather, "is the bread basket for this little plant. The plant lives on the food in this kernel until it is large enough to make its own food.

"The crows like corn and they are wise enough to know that at the root of each corn plant is a kernel of corn. That is why they pull up the corn plants. When the corn plants are pulled up they die.

"Now," said Grandfather, "let us set up our scarecrow and see if we can keep the crows away from our cornfield."





They put the end of the long board deep down into the ground so that the wind could not blow the scarecrow over. Then they waited to see if it would frighten the crows.

Soon many crows came flying along. Just then the wind blew the sleeves and hat of the scarecrow. The scarecrow looked as though he were running and waving his arms at the crows.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw," said the crows, and away they flew from the cornfield.

"I think the robber crows will stop eating our corn now," said Grandfather.



ON THE FARM

It was Dick's first day on the farm. All the morning he had been busy. He had visited Molly, the black and white cow, and had seen her baby calf. He had been down to the pasture to watch Kate play with her little colt. He had seen the little pink pigs sleeping in the corner of the pig house. He had tried to find where the white hen had made her nest. Now he was making a playhouse in the big apple tree.



He had just finished building the roof of the playhouse when he heard Grandfather calling, "Dick, it is time to go for the cows."

Dick climbed down from the apple tree and ran to the barn. There he found Grandfather and Don, the big dog, waiting for him.

Down the lane they went to the cow pasture. There they found many cows standing at the gate. They were all ready to go to the cow barn to be milked. Cows must be milked every night and every morning.

“Well,” said Grandfather, “Brindle is not here again. Go find her, Don.”

Grandfather opened the gate for Don, and away Don ran down to the pond. He knew where he should find Brindle. He had found her there many times.

Soon Grandfather and Dick saw Brindle coming with Don behind her heels. Don did not make Brindle run, but whenever she stopped to take another bite of grass, Don barked at her. Then Brindle would toss up her head and start on.



When Grandfather opened the gate, the cows, followed by Brindle and Don, walked slowly down the lane. Grandfather did not let Don hurry the cows. He knew that if the cows ran, their milk would not be so good.

As the cows got to the barn, each one went to her own place. Then the men, who helped Grandfather, washed the cows' bags and washed their own hands, too. The milk must be kept very clean.



Dick went with Grandfather to get the clean milk pails to give to the men. Each milkman got a stool and one of the pails and began to milk.

“Come, Dick,” said Grandfather, “you may watch me while I milk Brindle. She is a tricky cow.”

Grandfather sat down on the low milking stool. “Steady, Brindle, steady,” said Grandfather. “Good old Brindle! Come on! Don wants a drink of your nice warm milk.” Soon Grandfather had the milk streaming into the pail.



Every once in a while Brindle switched her tail. Grandfather had to dodge, or her tail would have hit him in the face. When the pail was nearly full of milk, Brindle gave a quick switch of her tail. Grandfather dodged. The stool slipped from under him. Over went Grandfather! Over went the pail!

“Well,” said Grandfather as he picked himself up, “that is a new trick you played on me, but ‘there is no use in crying over spilled milk.’”



THE FAIRY SHOES

Part I

Long, long ago, in a country far away, a baby boy was born. All the friends and neighbors were invited to a great feast. They all came bringing beautiful presents for the baby. There were gold rings, silver cups, silver spoons, and pretty toys.

At last his fairy godmother came, dressed in red velvet. She carried something wrapped in a brown paper.

"It must be a pocket book filled with gold," whispered one neighbor to another.

"Perhaps," said another, "it is a gold cup set with diamonds."

"Here is a very little present for the baby," said the fairy godmother. "It is not a beautiful present, but I hope it will be useful."

The fairy godmother opened the brown paper, and gave to the mother—what do you think?—a small pair of strong leather shoes with copper toes.

"My present is not so mean as it looks," said the fairy godmother. "These shoes will never wear out, and the little feet that are in them cannot very easily go wrong."

Then the fairy godmother got on her broomstick and rode away.

Part II

The fairy was right. The shoes never did wear out. Eight little boys wore the shoes and still they were as good as new. Then came the last boy, Timothy. He did not get the shoes for a long time. The eighth little boy had such small feet that he wore the shoes a long time after it was really Timothy's turn to have them.

By the time Timothy got the shoes his feet, you see, were well used to taking their own way. When Timothy went to school he walked slowly along, looking into the store windows, running into the neighbors' yards, and watching the men working in the fields.

This made him late to school and often late to dinner. Some days he did not get to school at all.

Something had to be done at once. So Timothy's mother blackened the fairy shoes and rubbed their copper toes until they were bright.

Then she said to Timothy, "Here are some shoes for you to wear, Timothy. They will help you to go straight to school and home again. If you stop along the way, or go where you should not, the shoes will pinch you terribly. You will be sure to be found out, too."

Timothy looked as if he didn't believe it, and off he went like an arrow from a bow. He gave no more thought to what his mother had said.



It was a beautiful May morning. Timothy walked along the path which led to the school. Suddenly, with a twr-r-r, up into the blue sky flew a bird. Timothy stopped to watch it. Pinch, pinch, went his shoes, so Timothy walked on.

But when the path came to the meadow, and he saw the golden kingcups shining up at him, he forgot all about school, and down the high bank into the meadow he ran. Pinch, pinch; jerk, jerk, went the fairy shoes. But Timothy kept on.

Pinch, pinch; jerk, jerk, went the shoes, until Timothy could stand them no longer. So he took off the muddy shoes and left them on the bank.

Then he went on wading in the muddy water, gathering the beautiful kingcups.

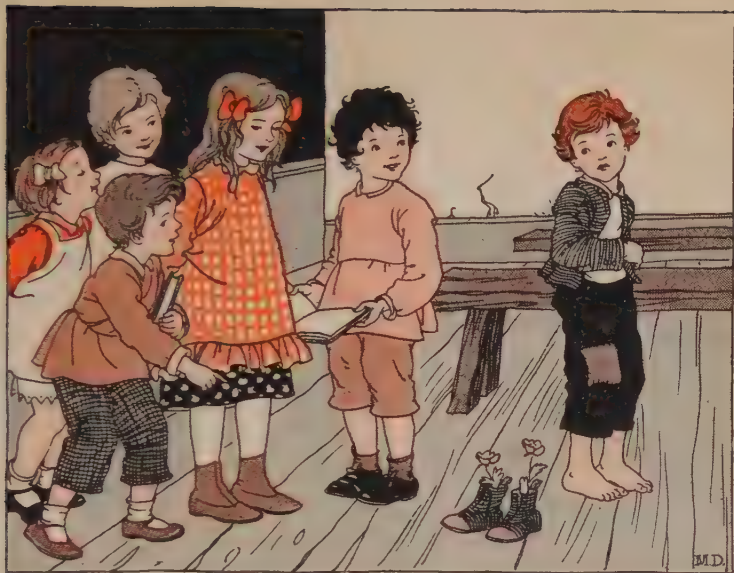
At last he began to be tired. He hurt his foot on a pointed rock. A fat green frog jumped into his face and frightened him. He nearly fell over into the muddy water.

When he had gathered more kingcups than his hands could hold, he climbed up the bank, cleaned himself as well as he could, and started on to school.



Part III

Of course he was very, very late. When he got to school the children were in the front of the room reading. But Timothy did not see the children, for there in the place where he should have been were the fairy shoes. They were covered with mud, and sticking up out of each shoe was a golden kingcup.



The children began to laugh at Timothy and pointed to his shoes. All the teacher said was, "You have been in the meadow, Timothy. Put on your shoes."

That noon Timothy let his shoes take him straight home. Not once did they have to go pinch, pinch; jerk, jerk.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING (*Adapted*)

HAVE YOU WATCHED THE FAIRIES?

Have you watched the fairies when the
rain is done

Spreading out their little wings to dry
them in the sun?

I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Have you heard the fairies among the
limes

Singing little fairy tunes to little fairy
rhymes?

I have, I have, lots and lots of times!

Have you seen the fairies dancing in the
air

And dashing off behind the stars to tidy
up their hair?

I have, I have; I've been there!

ROSE FYLEMAN



THE WISHING GATE

Part I

Blunder was on his way to the Wishing Gate. He wanted to wish for a pony and a little coach. He knew that if he could once get to the gate he could have his wish. But the trouble was to find the gate.

It was not a great gate with a sign over the top like this

WISHING GATE

but just a little old stile. As there were many old stiles in the meadow, how was Blunder to know which was the right one?

Blunder asked his fairy godmother to tell him. She knew the right one, but of course she could not tell him. That would be against fairy rules. She could only tell him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met.

“Blunder,” said his fairy godmother, “remember it is hard for you to find things. Often you are not at all careful. Use your eyes. Be sure you don’t miss the first owl. Be sure you don’t pass him by.”

So far Blunder had come along very well, for the road had been straight. But now he had come to a fork in the road. What should he do? Should he go through the wood or should he turn to the right?

Close by there was an old owl nodding in a tall oak tree. It was the first owl Blunder had seen, but you remember that Blunder seldom used his eyes.

"Good Mr. Owl," he called, "will you please show me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"What's that? What's that?" cried the owl, waking up from his nap. "Have you brought me a mouse?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know you wanted one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Wishing Gate?" cried the owl, very angry. "Why do you awaken me to ask such a question? Follow your nose. Follow your nose."

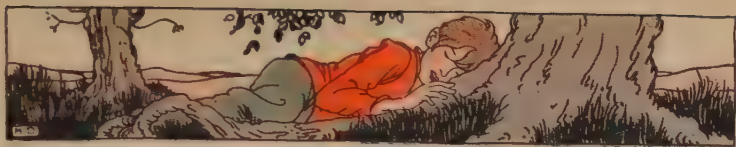


Part II

How could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right or take him through the wood, whichever way his legs went.

While he was trying to decide which way to go, a squirrel came hurrying down the path.

"Good squirrel," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing Game?"



"Indeed I can't," answered the squirrel. "I've been busy getting in acorns and taking care of my family. I have had no time to visit anything. But if you keep on down the path you will meet the Dream-man. If any one can tell you the way to the Wishing Gate, he can."

"How can I find the Dream-man?" asked Blunder.

"Look for him," cried the squirrel. "Look for him."

So Blunder went on down the path. But he did not see the Dream-man asleep under a tree. As he went along he stepped on the stump of an old tree.

Now this stump was a wood goblin's chimney. Down fell Blunder through the chimney. He landed among the pots and pans in which the cook was getting the goblin's supper.

The old goblin was asleep upstairs. He heard the terrible noise and started down to the kitchen to see what was the trouble. The cook heard him coming and looked about in a fright to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" she cried. "If the goblin catches you he will put you in the soup. In the next room there is a pair of shoes. Jump into them. They will take you up the chimney."

Off ran Blunder. He ran about the room, but he did not see the shoes over in the corner.



"Oh, I can't find them," cried poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Jump into the meal chest," cried the cook.

Blunder made a jump for the window. "I don't know where it is," he cried.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! The goblin was at the foot of the stairs.

"There is a fairy cloak hanging on that nail. Get into that," cried the cook.

"Then the goblin cannot see you."

But Blunder could no more find the cloak than he could see the shoes or the meal chest. Just as the goblin had his hand on the kitchen door, Blunder caught his foot in the fairy cloak and tumbled down. The cloak fell over him. That was the only thing that kept the goblin from seeing Blunder.

“What was all that noise about?” asked the goblin in a loud voice.

“Only my pans,” answered the cook.

As the goblin could see nothing wrong in the kitchen he went upstairs again and finished his nap. Then the cook put the shoes on Blunder, and away he went up the chimney. He landed in the meadow safe and sound, but very cross and hungry.

Part III

By this time it was dark and Blunder did not know the way home. Seeing an old stile he climbed up and sat down on the top rail to rest.

Just then the south wind came along. As he happened to be going Blunder's way he took him home. All the way he laughed and laughed and laughed. He laughed and laughed until he was purple in the face.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Blunder.

"Something I saw in my journey," said the wind. "A little boy sat on top of the Wishing Gate and came home because he could not find it."

Just then Blunder found himself at home. By the fire sat his fairy godmother.

"Did you find the Wishing Gate?" asked his mother. The fairy godmother said nothing. She knew that Blunder had not found the Wishing Gate.

"I couldn't find it. I don't know where it is," said Blunder. Then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy," said his mother, bringing him bread and milk.

"Now listen to my story," said the fairy godmother. "There was once a little boy who wanted to go to the Wishing Gate, but he didn't know the way. So he asked his fairy godmother. She told him to ask the way of the first owl he met.



"Now this little boy seldom used his eyes. So he missed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the Dream-man. He tumbled down the goblin's chimney. He could not find the shoes and the chest and the cloak.

"At last he sat on the top of the Wishing Gate and never knew it."

And away went the fairy godmother up the chimney. She was so angry that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin coat.

LOUISE E. CHOLLET (*Adapted*)

FREDDIE AND HIS FIDDLE

Part I

Once upon a time there was a poor boy named Freddie. For three years he worked hard for a rich man. All the rich man promised to give him for his work was some bread and a bed and a penny a year.

After working for the man three years, Freddie asked for his pennies. This made the man very angry, and he said, "Take them and be off with you."

Freddie took the pennies and put them in his pocket. With his gun and his fiddle he set off to town. There he could get himself some clothes, for he was very ragged.



As he went along he put his hand into his pocket every once in a while. He wanted to see if he still had the three pennies. Every once in a while he sat by the road and counted his pennies.

Once as he was counting them a poor man came up to him. He was so big that Freddie cried out when he saw him.

"Do not be afraid," said the poor man. "I will not harm you. I came only to ask you for a penny."

"Oh," said Freddie, "I have only three pennies. I need them to buy me some clothes."

"I have not even one penny," said the poor man, "and I am much more ragged than you."

"That is so," said Freddie. And he gave the man one of the three pennies that he had.

Freddie went on with his gun and his fiddle. After a while he grew tired. He sat down to rest and to count his pennies. Again a poor man came up to him. He was so very big that Freddie was frightened when he saw him.

"Do not be afraid," said the man. "I will not harm you. I came only to ask you for a penny."

"Oh," said Freddie, "I have only two pennies. I need them to buy me some clothes."

"I have not even one penny," said the poor man, "and I am much more ragged than you."

"That is so," said Freddie. And he gave the man one of the two pennies that he had left.

Freddie went on down the road. After a while he grew so tired that he had to sit down to rest. While he was resting another poor man came up to him. He was so very, very big that Freddie cried out when he saw him.

"Do not be afraid," said the poor man. "I will not harm you. I came only to ask you for a penny."

"Oh," said Freddie, "I have only one penny. I need it to buy me some clothes. My clothes are very ragged."

"I have not even one penny," said the man, "and I am much more ragged than you."

"That is true," said Freddie. And he gave the man his last penny.

Then the man said, "You are a good boy, Freddie. You gave away all you had. You may have a wish for each of your pennies."

"My first wish is that I may play my fiddle so that every one who hears me will dance," said Freddie.



"That is a poor wish," said the man, "but you may have it. You must make a better wish for your second wish."

"My second wish is that I may shoot a gun so well that everything that I shoot will fall," said Freddie.

"That is a poor wish, too," said the man, "but you may have it. You must think of something better for your last wish."

"My last wish is that no one can say No to what I ask," said Freddie.

"Well, that wish is not such a poor one," said the man. And he went away.

Part II

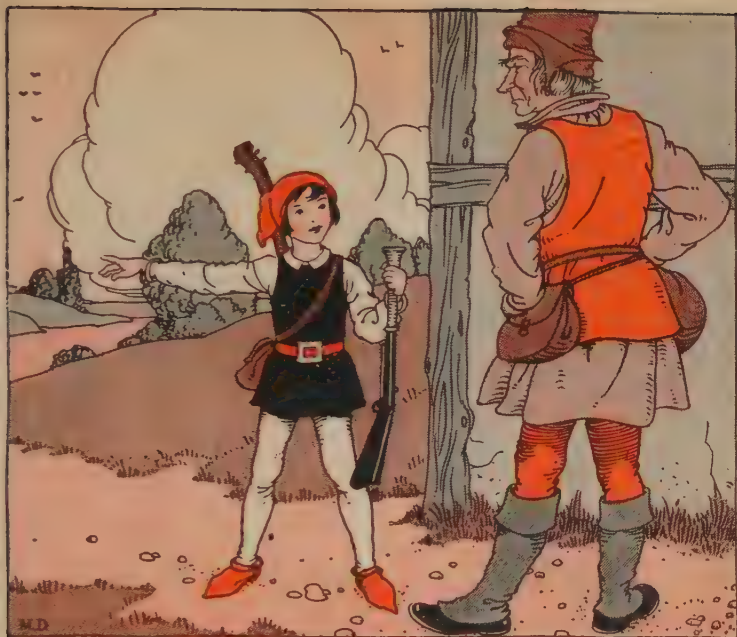
Freddie went on to town, and no one could say No to what he asked. The tailor gave him some clothes and the baker gave him some bread.

As Freddie was going down the street he met the rich man whom he had worked for. The rich man was on his way to the bank. He had a lot of money in his pocket.

"Well, Freddie," said he, "where did you get your fine clothes?"

"Oh, my clothes are not so fine as my fiddle and my gun," said Freddie. "My gun is wonderful. It brings down everything I shoot."

"I should like to see you shoot," said the rich man.



Freddie said, "Do you see that apple on the tree over there? If I make it fall will you go and get it?"

The rich man thought that no one could shoot so far, so he said, "Yes, I will get the apple. I will give you all the money that I have in my pocket, too."



Freddie shot at the apple. The apple fell into some thorn bushes. Away went the rich man to get the apple. The thorn bushes tore his clothes. When at last he got the apple, his clothes were in rags. This made the rich man very angry.

When he had to give Freddie all the money in his pocket he was very, very angry. So he went to the town hall and told the watchman that Freddie had taken his fiddle, his gun, and all his money.



The watchman came running from the town hall to catch Freddie. Every one in town came running, also, to see the fun.

When Freddie saw the rich man coming with the watchman he began to play a tune on his fiddle. Then every one began to dance. The men began to dance and the children began to dance. The dogs began to dance and the cats began to dance. The horses began to dance and was. began to dance.

Finally the watchman began to dance and the rich man began to dance. The rich man dancing in his torn clothes looked so funny that every one laughed at him.

At last Freddie stopped playing. All were so tired that they had to go home to rest. So away went Freddie with his fiddle and his gun. In every place he went he had good luck, for no one could say No to anything that he asked.

A Norse Folk Tale



CINDERELLA

Part I

Once upon a time there was a merchant who had a dear little daughter. She was a very beautiful child and as kind as she was beautiful. As her mother had been dead many years, the little girl was often very lonely.

At last the father married again. He married a woman who was very proud and selfish. This woman had two daughters who were as proud and as selfish as she was.



The mother and her two daughters were mean and cross to the kind little girl. They made her do all the hard work about the house. She had to make the beds and wash the pots and pans, while the proud sisters had nothing to do.

Often, after the work was done, the little girl crept into the chimney corner among the cinders where it was warm. For this reason the sisters called her Cinderella.

Now it happened that the king of the country was going to give a grand ball at the palace. The two sisters were very proud that they had been asked to go. At once they began to plan what they should wear.

When the great day arrived, Cinderella got up very early. She worked hard all day helping her sisters get ready. She dressed their hair and helped them put on the beautiful new clothes which she had made for them.

When the sisters started off for the ball, Cinderella followed them down to their coach. With longing eyes she watched them drive away to the palace. Then she sat down in the cinders and cried.



Part II

While Cinderella was crying, she heard some one say, "My child, why are you crying?" She looked up, and saw her fairy godmother standing before her.

Cinderella was crying so hard that she could not answer. Her godmother knew what the trouble was, because she was a fairy. She said, "Do not cry any more, my dear, for you too shall go to the ball."

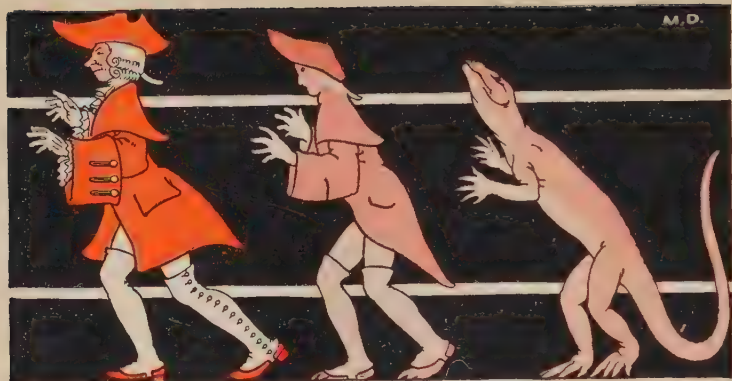
Then the good fairy godmother told Cinderella to go out into the garden and bring her the largest pumpkin she could find.

When Cinderella brought it, the fairy took out all the insides of the pumpkin. Then she touched it with her wand. At once the pumpkin became a beautiful golden coach lined with rose-colored velvet.

"Now, bring the mouse trap, my dear," said the fairy.

Cinderella brought it. In the trap were six fat white mice. The godmother opened the trap. As each mouse ran out, the fairy godmother touched it with her wand, and it became a beautiful white horse.





Then the fairy said, "Bring me the rat trap, child." When the trap was brought, the fairy touched one of the rats with her wand. At once a jolly, fat coachman climbed up on to the high seat of the coach.

"In the garden behind the watering pot there are six lizards. Bring them to me," said the fairy. No sooner had the fairy touched these lizards than they became six fine footmen.

"Now for yourself," said the fairy. With one touch of her wand, Cinderella's rags disappeared. There Cinderella stood dressed in beautiful rose-colored velvet trimmed with silver. On her feet were the prettiest little glass slippers in the world.

"Now, go to the ball," said the fairy godmother. "But remember one thing. You must leave the ball before the clock strikes twelve. If you stay one minute after twelve, your coach will turn back into a pumpkin; your horses will become mice; your jolly coachman a rat; your footmen lizards; and your beautiful clothes will turn back to rags."

Cinderella promised to remember and away she went to the ball.



Part III

When Cinderella arrived at the palace, everyone wondered who the strange, beautiful princess could be. The prince could not keep away from the lovely stranger. He took her in to supper and danced with her all the evening. The king and queen were also charmed with the grace and beauty of the strange princess.

Cinderella had a very happy time, but she remembered what her fairy godmother had told her. Just before the clock sounded twelve, she hurried out of the palace and into her coach.

When she reached home her coach, horses, coachman, and footmen became what they were before. Her lovely clothes changed into rags. Then Cinderella sat down in the chimney corner and waited for her sisters.

"Oh, Cinderella," said her sisters when they returned, "there was a strange, beautiful princess at the ball. No one knows who she is. The prince would give the world to know her name."

Cinderella smiled, but she did not tell who the princess was.

The next night there was another ball at the palace. The two sisters went dressed in more beautiful clothes than before.

As soon as their coach had gone, Cinderella's fairy godmother appeared. With her wand she changed Cinderella's rags into a dress of gold sparkling with diamonds.

Again the prince was so charmed with the beauty and grace of the lovely stranger that he never left her side. He danced with her all the evening and took her in to supper.

Cinderella had such a wonderful time that she forgot what her godmother had said. All at once she heard the clock begin to strike twelve. One, two —



Cinderella ran as quickly as she could down the stairs and out of the palace. In her hurry one of her glass slippers fell off.

Poor Cinderella ran all the way home, for her coach had disappeared at exactly twelve o'clock. All she had left of her beautiful clothes was a little glass slipper.

When Cinderella left the palace, the prince hurried after her. He found the glass slipper on the stairs, but nothing was to be seen of the princess.

Part IV

The next day the king sent out a messenger to hunt for the owner of the little glass slipper. The king said that the prince would marry the one whom the slipper fitted.

When the messenger came to the home of the merchant, the two sisters were sure that the slipper would fit one of them. They squeezed and pinched and pulled their hardest, but the slipper would not go on.

"Are these the only daughters you have?" asked the messenger.

"There is one other, but she is a kitchen girl," answered the mother. "The slipper could not fit her."



"She must try on the slipper," said the messenger.

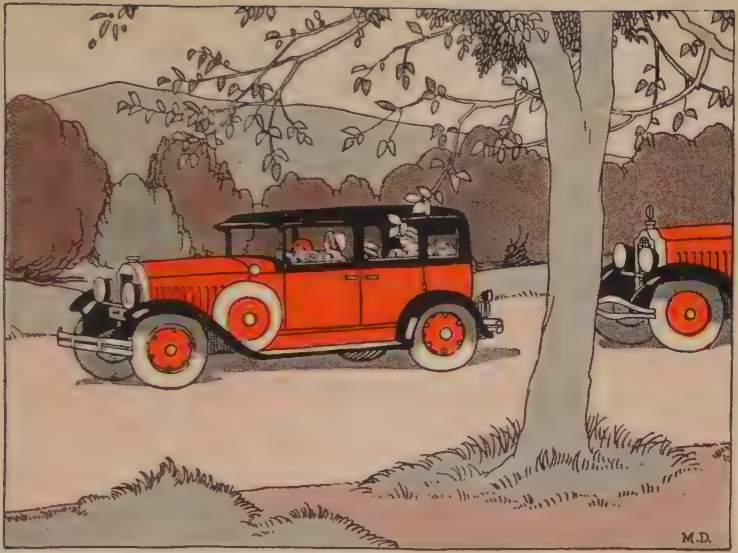
So Cinderella was brought in. She tried on the slipper. How surprised her sisters were to see that it fitted exactly! Then Cinderella took from her pocket the other slipper and put it on her other foot.



Just then the fairy godmother appeared. She waved her wand. There was Cinderella dressed as the beautiful princess.

The messenger took Cinderella's hand and led her away to the palace. A few days later she and the prince were married.

An Old English Fairy Tale



AT THE BEACH

The sun came up bright and clear on Friday morning. Soon after ten o'clock many automobiles filled with happy children started toward the beach. The road led by many houses and stores, then out into the country by gardens, fields, and woods.



After a long time, a turn in the road brought the children in sight of the ocean. The blue waves were dancing in the sunshine. Some of the waves had on white caps. Far out on the ocean was a boat with white sails. It looked like a white bird resting on the water.

Finally the automobiles came to the beach with its white sand. As soon as they stopped, out jumped the children. Away they ran down to the water's edge. Then what fun they had playing tag with the waves!

As a wave went out, the children would run down as far as they could on the wet sand. Then, when the next wave broke and the water came racing up the beach, back the children would run to keep the wave from touching them.

While the children were playing tag, Mrs. Brown and her friends had been very busy up on the dry sand. Under large colored umbrellas they had spread a lunch. How good the lunch tasted to the hungry children!

After lunch the children took off their shoes and stockings. Many of the children dug in the sand with big spoons which Mrs. Brown had brought. Tom and Bill dug a deep well. They made it so deep that it filled with water.

"Ned, come here and see our well. It is full of water," cried Bill.

Just as Ned got to the well, the sides of the well fell in. How surprised Tom and Bill were!

Sally Ann, Beverly, and Nan made a big house out of the sand. Around the house was a garden. In the garden were many paths made of sea shells. Around the garden they built a high wall of sand. They planted pieces of bushes in the garden for trees.



Some children went wading. Other children walked along the beach hunting for sea shells.

Jimmie Dale and Ned stood on a high rock and let the waves come all around them. They said they were Robinson Crusoe and Friday.

Suddenly a big wave broke on the rock. The water splashed over Robinson Crusoe and Friday. The two boys had to leave the rock and stay in the warm sun to dry.

Miss May took some of the children over to the high rocks. Here they had great fun playing in the pools of warm water.

All at once Jane cried, "Oh, Miss May! Come here. What is this queer thing? It looks like a star."

"You have found a starfish," said Miss May. "If we keep very still we can see how the starfish moves about."

Just then from another pool David called, "Miss May! Miss May! What is this? I found it crawling along under this rock."

"Come here, children," said Miss May. "See what David has found in this pool. It is a horseshoe crab. See how it moves along, carrying its house with it."



After they had watched the horseshoe crab, Beverly said, "Now, Miss May, please come and see the house we have made."

When they reached the place, there was no house to be seen. The waves had come in and washed the house away.

At three o'clock an automobile came. It was time for the children to go home. The day at the beach



HANSEL AND GRETEL

Part I

Once upon a time, in the land of sugarplums and tin soldiers, there was a poor man. He was a maker of brooms. He lived on the edge of a forest with his wife and two children, Hansel and Gretel. Every day the two children were left at home by themselves. Hansel was to make brooms and Gretel was to knit stockings.



Soon Gretel grew tired of knitting, and Hansel of making brooms. Hansel said, "I am hungry."

"Hush," said Gretel, "I will tell you a secret."

"A secret!" cried Hansel. "Oh, is it something good to eat? For weeks we have had nothing but bread."

"It is something to eat," cried Gretel. "Here in this pitcher is some fresh milk. When Mother comes home she will make us a pudding."

The children were so happy at the thought of the pudding, that they began to dance about the room. As they danced they sang,

“With your hands you clap, clap, clap;
With your foot you tap, tap, tap;
Right foot first, left foot then,
Round about and back again!”

Just then the door opened and in came their mother. “Hansel! Gretel!” she cried. “Do you call this working? Come, let me see what you have done.”

When the mother saw that they had done nothing she reached for her stick. In doing so she knocked the pitcher of milk off the table. The pitcher broke and the milk was lost.

"Oh, dear!" cried the mother. "Now, what can I cook for supper? Here, take this basket. Go into the wood and gather berries. Do not come back until your basket is full."

The children went off into the wood, and the mother sat down and cried. As she was crying, the father returned.

"Here I am back again, tired and hungry," said the father. "What have we to eat?"

"Nothing," said the mother, sadly.

"Never mind, Mother," he said. "Look in my basket. See what I have brought to you. Here are meat, butter, eggs, apples, and bread. I sold all my brooms in the town. But where are the children?"

"They have gone to the wood to look for berries," said the mother.

"Oh, Mother! Not to the wood! Not to the wood where the old Witch lives?" cried the father.

"What do you mean?" said the mother.

"Do you not know that an old Witch lives in the wood? She rides on a broomstick. She gets little children to come to her house by promising them candy. Then she pops them into the oven. She bakes them until they are gingerbread children."

"Oh," cried the mother, "what shall we do? What shall we do?" And she ran out of the house into the wood. The father ran after her.



Part II

Hansel and Gretel had walked far into the forest gathering berries. Then they had sat down to rest. Gretel took up a fine, large berry and put it into Hansel's mouth.

"Oh! That was good!" he cried.
"Now you shall have one."



So they went on eating and laughing until they had no berries left. Then they jumped up to hunt for more berries. It was growing dark, and they could not find any. What was worse, they had lost their way. Gretel began to be frightened. Then she began to cry.

Hansel put his arms around her and said, "Do not be afraid. I will take care of you."

From out of the darkness they seemed to see coming toward them a little gray man with a bag upon his back. The little gray man began to sing softly,

“I shut the children’s peepers, sh!
I watch the little sleepers, sh!
For dearly do I love them, sh!
And gladly watch above them, sh!
With my little bag of sand,
By every child I stand,
Till they are fast asleep.
Sleep, little children, sleep, sh!
Sh! Sh!”

As he sang he threw sand about him. Hansel and Gretel were no longer afraid. They said their evening prayers, lay down under a pine tree, and were soon fast asleep.



Part III

When the sun began to shine through the branches of the trees, Gretel opened her eyes. "Where am I?" she said. "Hansel, wake up!"

The children stood up and looked around. Then they opened their eyes wide. Near them was a little house. It was made of candy, and the roof was of frosted cake. The windows were shining with sugar, and all around the little house was a gingerbread fence. There was no sound outside or inside the house.



The children took hands and crept softly up to the little house. Then Hansel broke off a bit of cake from the roof.

Suddenly there came a deep, strange voice from the house,

“Nibble, nibble, mousekin,
Who’s nibbling at my housekin?”

The door of the house opened, and out popped the head of the old Witch. She was very, very old and she wore a pointed hat and a short dress and a long cloak. Then the Witch opened her door wide and crept up to the children. She put her arms about them and said, "So you have come to visit me. Come into my house and you shall eat all you wish of candy and cake and gingerbread."

"I won't come with you," said Hansel. "Come, Gretel, let us run away."

The children began to run away, but the Witch lifted her wand. "Stop!" she cried. "Hocus-pocus, come with me."

The old Witch took Hansel by the hand. She led him to a cage and locked him inside.



"Oh, what are you going to do with my brother?" cried Gretel.

"I will feed him up with nuts and candy to make him fat," said the old Witch. "You will soon know why."

Then she took Gretel into the house.
“Come, my dear,” she said, “and set the table for me—little knife, little fork, little spoon, little dish. I shall dine well today.”

Then the old Witch went into the yard. She gathered sticks and then built up a great fire in the oven. As she worked she sang,

“Yes, Gretel, mine,
How well I shall dine!
When in the oven she peeps,
Quickly behind her I’ll creep!
One little push, bang!
Shut the door, clang!
When from the oven I take her,
She’ll be like a cake from the baker,
By fairy fire made red,
Baked into gingerbread!”



As the fire grew bright in the oven, the Witch hopped upon her broomstick. As she rode about she dropped her wand. Gretel picked it up, but the Witch did not see her.

Then the old Witch rode over to the oven door and opened it wide. "Come, Gretel," she said, "peep into the oven and see if the gingerbread is ready."

Gretel shook her head. "I do not understand. What must I do?"

"Just stand on your toes," said the Witch, "and bend your head forward."

"Oh, dear!" cried Gretel, "I do not understand. You will have to show me."

Just as the Witch stood on her toes, Gretel waved the Witch's wand. The door of Hansel's cage flew open. Together they gave the Witch a great push. The Witch tumbled into the oven.



Hansel and Gretel danced and shouted for joy. Then Hansel ran into the house. He threw out nuts and candies and cakes and apples.

As the children were feasting, they heard a cry of joy. The father and mother came running toward them. They took the children in their arms and laughed and cried together.

As Hansel and Gretel told them what had happened to the old Witch, they heard a great noise. The oven fell to pieces and out of it tumbled a Gingerbread Witch.

"Good!" cried the father. "The old Witch was caught in her own trap."

Retold from the Opera









